The Bystander. No. 32. Vol. III. WEDNESDAY, JULY 13, 1904

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THE BYSTANDER

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The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 32.—Vol. III. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday. July 13, 1904 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.]

Photo by *Bullingham*

Miss Nellie Seymour

The young actress who had the misfortune to lose recently £3,000 worth of jewellery. Some of the gems have been discovered in a cellar, and the case is still occupying the attention of the magistrate at Marlborough Street Police Court

No. 32.—Vol. III.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste paper basket.

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BYSTANDER'S NOTES

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

July 13, 1904

After a surfeit of killing, the progress of the war in the Far East is temporarily stayed, owing to the heavy rains now inundating Manchuria. One is reminded thereby how puny are the greatest forces of man when brought into contact with the forces of Nature.

It would be a great gain to the world if this compulsory lull in the war could be made the means of opening up negotiations for a peaceful termination of the dispute between Russia and Japan. In spite of correspondents and wireless telegraphy, we have a very faint notion of the tremendous suffering that this struggle has entailed up till now on the two participants in it. Tremendous figures have been given us of those killed or wounded; there have been at least three battles in which the dead could be counted in their legions, and the sea has swallowed up many thousands in addition.

Whispers reach us that disease is working its decimating way in both armies. With the poor methods of commissariat which the Russians employ, it is probable that many a family in Russia is bewailing the loss of its men folk carried off by dysentery or enteric. We do not hear of these things. The most is made of the bright side of war—the stories of heroism, of philosophy under disconcerting conditions, and so forth. But, of course, the seamy side of war is the real side. Russia and Japan both conceal the misery that the troops suffer, and if the folks at home know some of the truth of their suffering, their voices are dumb.

Still we can read between the lines. Russia is, at the best, a very poor country. Her people are not even enthusiastic about this terrible war. And now distress and poverty have risen to such a pitch that the crushed Slav will be bound to rise in desperation against his relentless masters, unless a stop is put to the strain upon him, for it is the poor who pay for war. In Japan, there is an enthusiasm generated, owing to the firm belief of the people that they are fighting for their very existence. They have, so far, the honours of the war, but the drain on their resources has been so heavy and their losses so great, although victory may have rested with their arms, that they look to the future with great anxiety.

The spectre which Russia has sought to raise in the shape of the Yellow Peril has fallen flat. We appreciate the fact that we have to fear a Yellow Peril far less than a Tartar Peril. And the Japanese have proved themselves gallant fighters, worthy of the respect of foes and friends alike. Why do they not sink their differences and arrange their quarrel pacifically? There is but one man who is qualified to offer his services as a mediator between Russia and Japan. King Edward, an ally of the Mikado, and the uncle of the Tsar, has been designated "The Great Peacemaker." Would His Majesty be able to approach the present belligerents with any prospect of success? We believe so. In a few months the King has been able to produce a friendly feeling for this country among Continental nations, which years of diplomacy had previously been unable to effect. Why should he not succeed in crowning his great efforts for peace by bringing Russia and Japan together in a pacific manner?

Interest in the Maybrick case is again being aroused owing to the fact that Mrs. Maybrick is even now in a home, and, by the end of the month, will be liberated. For years a number of people have felt uncomfortable about the subject, and although the average Englishman has a wholesome respect for the immaculateness of British justice, it must be confessed that his respect has been somewhat shaken.

For, however one likes to look at it, there is something rotten about the way this case has been conducted. According to the English law, a person tried for murder is either guilty or not guilty. If Mrs. Maybrick was guilty, she should have been hanged. If there was any doubt about it, why was she not given the benefit of the doubt? That there was much doubt is clear. The Home Secretary of the time admitted there was doubt, and for this reason respited her. Dr. Meymott Tidy, at that time the Home Office analyst, stated that Mrs. Maybrick was confined in an English prison for an offence that neither she nor anybody else had committed (for nothing is more certain than that James Maybrick did not die of arsenic poisoning), and yet, for fifteen years, this unfortunate woman has been kept in prison, branded as a murderess, for a crime which was not definitely brought home to her. Well may Justice hang her head, for it is a disgrace, and, until a Court of Appeal for criminal cases is instituted, we shall continue to have miscarriages of justice.

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

A Wedding at St. Margaret's

One of the prettiest of recent weddings was that of Mr. Bertram Brooke, second son of the Rajah of Sarawak, and great-nephew of the famous Brooke, the colonist adventurer, who became first Rajah, with Miss Gladys Palmer, the only daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Palmer, of Reading biscuit fame. The wedding, which took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on June 28, was attended by Princess Christian.

Sir Arthur Henderson Fairbairn

Sir Arthur Henderson Fairbairn, whose portrait we give, represents the only holder of an hereditary title who is deaf and dumb. He is a member of the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb and the Committee of the Winchester Diocesan Mission, and a vice-president of the Charitable and Provident Society (for granting pensions to such as are aged and infirm). Himself a thorough sportsman, he shows you with delight his guns, his fishing-rod, his cycle, and you are not surprised to find that he is president of the London Deaf and Dumb Cricket and Football Club, and has on several occasions taken the chair at the club's dinner at the Holborn Restaurant.

A Great Traveller

Travel, with Sir Arthur, is a passion as well as a pastime, and he has traversed Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Germany, France, Italy, Greece, and Russia, and the principal cities of the United States of America, utilising his peregrinations for the advantage of the deaf and dumb by visiting everywhere the institutions for their education, and returning homeward with many new ideas for those in this country who are similarly afflicted. Educated at Rugby and by private tuition, he is a great reader, and his smoking-room is lined with volumes many of which are his lifelong friends and consolers. Apropos of this subject, we are tempted to quote the "Table-Talk" of Samuel Rogers, the poet. "I once dined," writes the bard, "with Charles James Fox, Sheridan, Madame de Genlis, and some other celebrated persons of the time. A natural son of Fox, a deaf and dumb boy, who was the very image of his father, and who died a few years after, when about fifteen years old, was also there, having come for the occasion from the celebrated Braidwood's Seminary for young deaf and dumb ladies and gentlemen, in Hackney. To him, Fox almost entirely confined his attention, conversing with him by the fingers, and their eyes glistened as they looked at each other. Talleyrand (Napoleon I.'s Prime Minister) remarked to me, 'How strange it was to dine in company with the first orator of Europe, and only see him talk on his fingers.'"

Photo by *Lafayette*

Mr. and Mrs. Brooke

The marriage of Miss Gladys Palmer to Mr. Bertram Brooke, son of the Rajah of Sarawak, was recently solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster

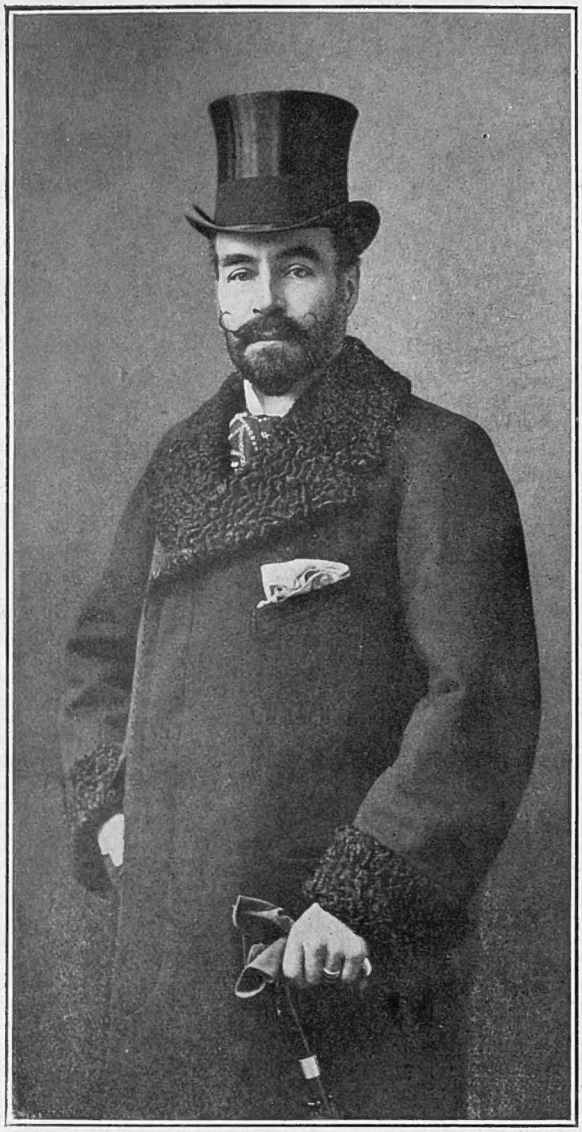

Photo by *Vandyk*

Sir Arthur Henderson Fairbairn

The deaf and dumb baronet who has done so much to aid those similarly afflicted

The Disappearing Jewels Trick

The fair subject of our frontispiece this week, Miss Nellie Seymour, has the heartfelt sympathy of every true Briton. We say Briton advisedly, because her loss would, we fear, raise but a horse laugh in the incredulous breast of the average American. An account of the loss of an actress's jewels in the English Press is based upon the actual disappearance of those gems. In America, alas! it is otherwise. Disappearing jewels form the *pons asinorum* of the American press agent. Once he has mastered the working of this problem, he may be trusted with the manipulation of the runaway motor-car story, the ducal stage-door Johnny story, the faithful dresser's sick aunt story, and other pathetic mediums for introducing the artiste's name to a *blasé* public. Until he can work the disappearing jewels story, the American press agent (of a type, be it admitted) is not worth his salary.

Dr. Barton

All aeronauts do not possess the miraculous luck of a Santos Dumont—at least, Dr. Barton, of airship fame, unfortunately, does not. Last week, when preparing for an aerial flight from the Alexandra Palace, at Wood Green, to the Crystal Palace, in the new airship he is building for the War Office, Dr. Barton, met with a nasty accident. A quantity of hydrogen was being generated for the inflation of the airship, when the retort containing the sulphuric acid and iron filings suddenly exploded. Dr. Barton, who was standing near, received the full force of the explosion, which, besides depriving him of moustache, eyebrows, and hair, affected his eyes. Under the most favourable conditions, two weeks must elapse before he will be able to resume experiments. Dr. Barton is a very recent convert to ballooning, his first trip having been taken only two years ago, when, in company with M. Gaudron, he ascended from the grounds of the Beckenham Horticultural Show and, crossing the Channel, landed in the surf on the French coast.

Photo by *Barnett*

Mrs. Willie James

Who will entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales for Goodwood. Mrs. James is one of the first amateur actresses of the day

Lord Halsbury

Rich as its annals are in records of wonderful success, the Bar has seen few careers more remarkable than that of the Earl of Halsbury, who completed, the other day, the ninth year of his third appointment as Lord Chancellor, and has occupied that splendid office for fifteen years and a half. He has broken several rules: for, to begin with, he never displayed in his childhood or at Oxford any signs of that profundity of mind which makes men Chancellors; and, in the second place, the chosen field of his early triumphs was the Old Bailey, no devotee of which, according to an axiom of the profession, ever attains to the Woolsack. In those days, Mr. Hardinge Giffard had a hand in most of the important cases; he defended Governor Eyre and prosecuted the Tichborne Claimant. Also, he was shot at in court by a lunatic clergyman: notwithstanding which, the Established Church has few more steadfast friends than he. Thirty years ago, he was made Solicitor-General and a knight, being then in the enjoyment of a great professional income. Ten years later, he became Baron Halsbury and Lord Chancellor, and six years ago he was made the first Earl of Halsbury. His father

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Earl of Halsbury

Sir Alfred Harmsworth

Dr. Barton

edited the *Standard*. His son, Lord Tiverton, has written and produced a play—*sub rosa*. Lord Halsbury will enter his eightieth year in September, but still fully possesses all his powers, and the only thing likely to make him resign of his own accord would be the passing of a law giving the suffrage to women.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth

The fierce light which beats upon a baronet may serve to disclose to an eager public a few personal details concerning that erstwhile man of mystery, Mr., now Sir, Alfred Harmsworth. The first strategist of the age in advertisement, it has ever been his policy to stand under cover when the great guns of advertisement begin to boom. A few striking facts have leaked out.

Photo by **Mrs. Atherton** [*Esmé Collings*

Daughter of the late Sir Edward Dean-Paul, and wife of Colonel Atherton, 12th Royal Lancers. Mrs. Atherton, who is renowned for her beauty, is a prominent personality in Society

Thus it has been stated that he is not ill-pleased at his undeniable likeness to Napoleon. He is credited, too, with sharing his hero's contempt for the word "impossible." But, then, as far as one knows, Sir Alfred has never been asked to name, offhand, the complete list of the publications over which he presides. We can safely assert that he loves flowers and motoring. Anyone whose business takes him along Tallis Street must have noticed, at times, vases, filled with flowers, reposing on a shelf which skirts the big windows of his office on the first floor of Carmelite House. As regards the second hobby, our illustration speaks for our contention. No one would dream of being photographed in a motoring coat because he thought he looked pretty in it.

Photo by *Thiele*

Cambridge University Swimming Club, winner of the Inter-'Varsity Event

Back Row (left to right): W. R. V. Webb, A. C. Gibson Craig, A. Davis, C T. Lorain, C. D. Cawston
Front Row: B. T. Verry, T. Kingdom, H. R. Sanders

The Topictator.

Vale! Samuel, Alake of Abeokuta

As the Alake of Abeokuta fades from the glories of the season which he has so conspicuously adorned, I think the Press should pay him a respectful tribute. For we shall meet and we shall miss him. He has completely eclipsed the sea serpent, he has overshadowed the Tariff Commission, and the elevation of Mr P. Smith to the Privy Council. The Alake has been first—and the rest nowhere.

For him the very best columns of the papers have been prepared, even as the choicest chair in the front parlour is dusted when the rector calls. When a record of his day's doings has reached Fleet Street, the voice of the untamed sub-editor has been heard to exclaim, "Bring forth the fatted type, and set it"—and it was so, for behold it came to pass that the Alake has captured the cake, he has taken the biscuit in free and open competition.

His dress has been a continual feast, and his robes have furnished the raw material of many a helpful paragraph. The liner has browsed on him, and our royal visitor's crowns have produced many a half-crown for the members of a deserving profession. I like a monarch who is not ashamed to go about in his robes of State, and wearing a crown upon his royal pate. The Emperor of the Sahara is simply a European dandy, in frock coat, silk hat, trousers with well-defined crease in front, pointed boots, and all the other details which go to make up the sort of dress which the junior reporter loves to style "immaculate." And what a commonplace creature Jacques I. of the Sahara is when placed beside Samuel I. of Abeokuta!

The African monarch is a polished gentleman—indeed, it is whispered by those who know the secrets of his court, that he is polished all over. In this respect he is a shining, nay a dazzling, example to all his people. For Samuel is black, black as the raven's wing, black as night, black as Day—and Martin!

There was nothing *blasé* about this royal son of Africa. How he revelled in his hotel lift, ascending and descending like the angels on Jacob's ladder! Here is a proof of his philosophical disposition, for your true philospher loves to study the ups and downs of life—and a lift presents unrivalled opportunities for this sort of contemplation. And with what whole-hearted joy the merry monarch switched on and off the electric light, never failing to exclaim "Gosh" or "Golly" or "Whoop" when the light came in obedience to the pressure of the royal thumb. It is even said that he found pleasure in working the telephone—but it is incredible

Controversial theologians have quarrelled as to the precise articles in Samuel's belief, even as statisticians have differed as to the number of his wives. It is certain that he left his wives at home, and there are cynics who say that in this fact may be discovered the secret of his perpetual and abounding joy. Cynics are generally wrong, and it should be remembered that Samuel has not failed to write to his twelve wives—known at home as the Round and Royal Dozen—telling them of his visits to the Tower and at Madame Tussaud's, and of his escape from the Zoo.

It is said that some of those royal letters have been turned into deathless verse by the Abeokutan Poet Laureate, and I am able to reproduce one delicate trifle knocked off from the midst of Samuel's social triumphs:

TO MY ROUND DOZEN

I

Oh twelve! like the months in the year,
Ah twelve! as the pence in a shilling,
Across the broad sea, oh my dozen so dear
I remember your cooing and billing.
Yes!
And like Barkis himself I am willing!

II

Six of one, half a dozen of t'other,
Don't forget your poor wandering Sam;
Though here they all say I'm a man and a brother,
For their ladies I don't care a—rap.
No!
My thumb and my fingers I snap.

The verses may not be without blemish, but they show that the Alake's heart is in the right place.

And, now that his royal visit is over, it is pleasant to remember his responsive nature, which made it so keen a delight to show him round the town. His smile was as ready, as constant, and as extensive as that of Mr. Jesse Collings. It could be switched on as easily as the electric light, which made this child of nature dance. Fielding must have been thinking of some region like Abeokuta when he wrote his touching line:

All Nature wears one universal grin.

Even in moments of disappointment his royal visage was shaded by only a temporary frown. Thus at the Tower he wanted to see heads chopped off, and when the authorities hesitated, he made the reasonable suggestion that a couple of reporters who were noting the day's doings might be sacrificed on the altar of his pleasure. The explanation that even such humble citizens had their rights in this country puzzled Samuel, but when it was added that though they could not be sacrificed, their copy would certainly be cut down a little later, he smiled again.

Vale! Samuel, Alake of Abeokuta—may you live for ever and die laughing. May lifts continually run you up and down, and electric lights pop in and out unceasingly for your royal delectation. And, above all, may you be able to explain everything to the satisfaction of the round and royal dozen!

S. L. H.

Unchristian Clerics*

By MARIE CORELLI

The recent discussions respecting an article I wrote for this paper, headed by Archdeacon Sinclair's phrase 'Pagan London,' appear to call for some few additional words on my part. In their violent heat and hurry to fit my cap on the heads of all the clergy, without distinction, several controversialists, including the Archdeacon himself, have evidently not had time to read attentively the exact expressions I used concerning the subject of the argument. I did not say 'all' the clergy were to blame for the paganism,—if paganism exists (which I emphatically deny) ot London. I said 'certain' of the clergy. To that expression I adhere. Since what has been amusingly called my 'furious' onslaught, (and by the way, truth is always called an 'attack' by liars) I have been the recipient of a mass of correspondence from all parts of Britain, proving my statements up to the hilt, much testimony to this being offered by honest and conscientious clergy themselves, who thank me for having said out boldly what *they* are not even permitted to hint at. Were I to publish the facts now placed before me, with the names of my informants, I should occupy all the space allotted to printed matter in the whole of THE BYSTANDER. As it is, I must content myself with merely saying that I have not written on the subject without facts to hand,—facts of which the clergy themselves are by no means ignorant,—facts which Bishops and Archbishops deem it best and wisest to ignore. My present article on Unchristian Clerics was written before 'Pagan London' was ever thought of—and there is nothing in it, or in its fore-runner, that I have any cause to regret or withdraw. No, not even though a certain 'lime-light' clergyman has recently, so I hear, delivered a sermon entitled 'Corelli Caustic,' preceded by "sacred music with lan ern and orchestra." I do not mind the 'Corelli Caustic,'—but am naturally deeply affected by the 'lantern and orchestra.'

During the last two or three weeks we have heard a great deal about 'underpaid' clergymen; even Archdeacon Sinclair has had something to say about those who have benefices "under £80 a year." But surely, if they read the Gospel, they must realise that benefices, 'fat livings,' or poor ones, were never taken into consideration by the Divine Master, whose work they solemnly vow faithfully to carry on in the world. The following verses from St. Mark seem to put the matter pretty plainly:

"And He called unto Him the twelve, and began to send them forth by two and two, and gave them power over unclean spirits;

"And *commanded* them that they should take nothing for their journey, save a staff only; no scrip, no bread, *no money in their purse.*" (Mark, Chap. VI. 5, 7, 8.) I fail to see the carrying out of this 'command' in an Archbishop's salary of £15,000 per annum, a Bishop's of £10 000, or even a Dean's at £2,000. I am inclined to think that any one of the sacredly ordained 'Twelve,' would have deemed themselves passing rich with £50 a year. I am happy to know and count among my best friends, many noble clerics; but it is just such noble and good men who suffer the greatest misrepresentation and wrong from the ignoble, selfish and worldly of their calling and election, and who are, by these unworthy brethren, over and over again hindered in the work they seek to do for the benefit of the human race. And it is too late in the day to deny the unseemly and constantly-recurring scandals that are rife among a large majority of clerics, or to assume that what Archdeacon Sinclair courteously calls my 'brilliant generalisations' are wide of the mark, seeing that the daily press chronicles such scandals with lamentable regularity. It should be remembered that the 'masses' read these scandals in their newspapers and duly take note of them, and this is one of the causes of their falling away from Church attendance. And now with these few words of preface, I begin where I originally began my notes on Unchristian Clerics.

It is generally supposed that an ordained minister of the Gospel is a Christian. Whatever the faults, negligences and shortcomings of other people in other conditions of life, it is tacitly expected that the professing disciples of Christ, the priests, teachers and exponents of holy and spiritual things should be more or less holy and spiritual in themselves. They are at any rate accredited with honest effort to practise, as well as to preach, the divine ethics of their divine Master. Their position in the social community is one which, through old-time tradition, historical sentiment and inborn national piety, is bound to command a

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certain respect from the laity. Any public disgrace befalling a clergyman is always accompanied by a strong public sense of shame, disappointment and regret. And when we meet (as most unhappily we often do), with men in 'holy orders' who,—instead of furnishing the noble and pure examples of life and character which we have a distinct right to look for in them,—degrade themselves and their high profession by conduct unworthy of the lowest untutored barbarian, we are moved by amazement as well as sorrow to think that such wolves in sheep's clothing should dare to masquerade as the sacredly ordained helpers and instructors of the struggling human soul.

During the past few years there have been many examples of men belonging to the hierarchy of the Church, who have wantonly and knowingly outraged every canon of honour and virtue, and their sins appear all the blacker because of the whiteness of the faith they profess to serve. A criminal is twice a criminal when he adds hypocrisy to his crime. The clergyman of a parish who has all doors thrown open to him,—who invites and receives the trust of his parishioners,—who is set among them to guide, help and comfort them in the devious and difficult ways of life, is a thousand times more to blame than any other man in a less responsible position, when he knowingly and deliberately consents to sin. Unless he is able to govern his own passions, and eschew every base, mean and petty motive of action, he is not fit to influence his fellow men, nor should he presume to instruct them in matters when he makes it evident he does not himself understand.

Quite recently a case was chronicled in the daily press of a clergyman who went to visit a dying woman at her own request. She wished to make a last confession to him, and so unburden her soul of its secret misery before she passed away, trusting in God's mercy for pardon and peace. The clergyman went accordingly, and heard what she had to say. When the unhappy creature was dead, however, he refused her poor body the sacred rites of burial! Now it surely may be asked what authority had he or any man calling himself a Christian minister to refuse the rites of burial even to the worst of sinners? Whatever the woman's faults might have been, vengeance wreaked on a corpse is both futile and barbarous. There is nothing in Christ's pure and noble teaching that can endorse so unholy a spirit of intolerance,—one too, which is calculated to give the bitterest pain to the living friends and relations of the so coarsely-insulted dead, and to breed in them a relentless hostility to the Church and its representatives. For the poorest erring human creature that ever turned over the pages of the New Testament, knows that such conduct is not Christ-like, inasmuch as Christ had nothing but the tenderest pity, pardon and peace for the worst sinner at the last moment. When death steps in to close all accounts, it behoves man to be more than merciful to his brother man. "For if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Father forgive you your trespasses."

Still fresh in the minds of many must be the un-Christian conduct of the late Cardinal Vaughan in denying the rites of Christian burial to the venerable Dr. St. George Mivart. Dr. St. George Mivart was a scientist whose theories did not agree with the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church, and as he belonged ostensibly to that form of faith, one may call him, if one so chooses, a bad Catholic. But when it is remembered that within quite recent days, so-called 'Christian' priests in Servia have given their solemn benediction to the assassins of the late King and Queen of that country, it is somewhat difficult to understand or appreciate the kind of 'religion' that blesses murderers and regicides, yet refuses burial to a modern scientist who, as far as his intellectual powers allowed him, was working for the good and wider instruction of the human race. At the time of the 'inhibition' and subsequent death of Dr. Mivart, I ventured to address an 'Open Letter' to Cardinal Vaughan on the subject. This Letter was published in March, 1900, and though no doubt the great 'Prince of the Church' never deigned to read it, a large majority of the public did, and I have had much cause to rejoice that in the timorously silent acquiescence of the Christian World in a deed which shames the very name of Christ, I, at least, as one of the humblest among the followers of the Christian faith, did have sufficient courage to speak out openly against the wicked intolerance which made the Church itself seem mere 'sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal,' because lacking in that holy charity, 'which suffereth long and is kind.' It was a barbarous act to 'inhibit' Dr. Mivart,—it was still more barbarous to refuse his body the sacred burial-rites, — and though the great Cardinal has now followed his victim to that world where all the secrets of the soul are made manifest, his cruelty remains as a blot on his mortal career,—a black smirch, ugly to look upon in the chronicle of his various virtues and excellencies. No ordained minister of the Gospel has the right to be intolerant. He has not the slightest excuse for arrogating to himself any other code of ethics or conduct than that which is set out plainly for him in the New Testament. Away from that he should not dare to go, if he truly believes what he elects to preach,—and if he does not believe, he should at once resign his office and not live on the proceeds of what in his own private conscience he considers untrue.

Most of us have met with many a mean little curate,—many a sly, spiteful, scandal-mongering hypocritical parson,—in the daily round of our common lives and duties Most of us know the 'salad' cleric,—the gentleman who is a doubtful compound of oil and vinegar, with a good deal of tough 'green vegetable matter growing where the brain should be,—coarse weed of bigotry, prejudice, and rank obstinacy. None of us are entirely ignorant of the sedately amorous parson who is either looking out for a wife on his own account, or attempting a 'Christianly' conversion of the wife of somebody else. In country towns we can scarcely fail to have come across the domineering vicar,—the small and petty tyrant, who whips the souls committed to his charge with rods steeped in his own particular pickle of arrogance, austerity and coercion, playing the part of a little despot over terrorised Sunday-school children, and laying down the law for his parishioners by way of a 'new dispensation' wherein the Gospel has no part. One such petty

martinet, well-known in a certain rural parish, plays regular 'ogre' to his choir boys. It is always a case of 'Fee, fi, fa, fo, fum, I smell the blood of a chorister', with him. Should one of these unfortunate minstrels chance to sneeze during service, this vicar straightway imposes a penny fine (sometimes more) on the unlucky little wretch for yielding to an irresistible nasal impulse! This kind of thing is, of course, absolutely ridiculous, and would merit nothing but laughter, were it not for the dislike, distrust and contempt engendered in the minds of the boys by the display of such a peevish spirit of trumpery oppression on the part of a man who is placed in the position he holds to be an example of kindness, good temper, cheerfulness and amiability to all. True, the vicar in question is what may be called 'liverish', and a small boy's sneeze may seem, to a mind perverted by bilious bodily secretions, like the collapse of a universe. But there are various ways of conquering even one's physical ills,—at least to the extent of sparing poor children the infliction of fines because they have noses which occasionally give them trouble.

The begging cleric is of all sacerdotal figures the one most familiar to the general community. One can seldom attend a Church without hearing the mendicant's plea. If the collection taken were indeed for the poor, and one felt that it was really and truly going to help feed the starving and nourish the sick, how gladly most of us would contribute to the very best of our ability! But sad experience teaches us that this is not so. There are 'Funds' of other mettle than for the sick and poor,—"restoration" funds especially. For many years a famous Church was in debt owing to 'restorations', and Sunday after Sunday the vicar implored his congregation to lift 'the burden' off its time-honoured walls —in vain! At last one parishioner paid the amount required in full. The vicar acknowledged the cheque, —put a recording line in the 'Parish Magazine', and— *for more than a year did not speak to that parishioner again!* This is a fact. Neither he nor his wife during that time ever showed the slightest common civility to the one individual who, out of all the parish, had 'lifted the burden', concerning which so many pious exordiums had been preached. *Till* the debt was paid, the vicar showed every friendliness to the person in question,—but afterwards—well!—one can only suppose it was a case of 'Othello's occupation gone'! He could beg no more, —not for that particular object. But I understand he has started fresh 'restorations' lately, so till he finds another trusting sheep in the way of a too sympathetic parishioner, he will be quite happy.

There are some clerics who, to their sacred duties add 'a little literary work.' They are not literary men,—indeed very frequently they have no idea whatever of literature—they are what may be called 'literary jobbers'. Many clergymen have been and are still, greatly distinguished in the literary calling—but I am not alluding to past or future Kingsleys. The men I mean are those who 'do a bit o writing' —and help in compiling books of reference to which few ever refer. They are apt to be the most pertinacious beggars o their class,—beggars, not for others' needs, but for their own. They want introductions to 'useful' people—people of 'influence'—and they ask for letters to publishers, which they sometimes get. The publishers are not grateful. They are over-run, they say, with clergymen who want to write guide-books, books of travel, books of reference, books of reminiscence. One of these 'reverend' individuals, pleading stress of poverty, was employed by a lady to do some copying work, for which, in a well-meant wish to satisfy the immediate needs of his wife and children, she paid him in advance the sum of Fifty Pounds. He sent her a signed receipt for the money with the following gushing epistle:

"Dear ——

Could I write as you do, I might find words to express in part some of my feelings of gratitude to you for all your kindness. My little daughter owes to you untold happiness, and I believe the goodness you ever show her will brighten her whole future life. My dear wife you help to bear her many burdens of health and loneliness as no other has ever attempted to do; and my very mediocre self owes to you, a recognition, after many long struggles, I will not say of merit, for no one knows better than myself, my own shortcomings, but of "effort". In fact, you come to us as Amenhotep sang of the sun:—

"Thou art very beautiful, brilliant and exalted above earth,
Thy beams encompass all lands, which thou hast made.
Thou art our sun.
Thou bindest us with thy love.
Thou art on high, but the day passes with thy going!"

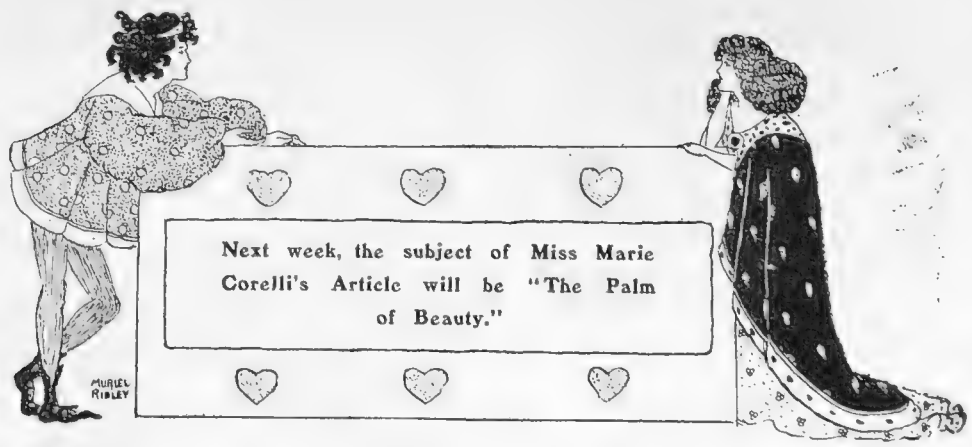
Even so, your kindly heart has shone upon our life, and made us feel the springs of life within us. May the Great Master of all things for ever bless you and yours!"

After this poetical effusion, it is difficult to believe that this same 'Christian' minister, in order to gratify the private jealousy, spite and malice of a few common persons whom he fancied might be useful to him on account of their "local" influence, wrote and published a scurrilous lampoon on the very friend who had tried to benefit him and his wife and family, and to whom he had expressed himself in the above terms of unmeasured gratitude! But such, nevertheless, was the case. Report says that he was handsomely paid for his trouble, which may perhaps serve as his excuse,—for in many cases as we know, money outweighs principle, even with a disciple of Christ. It did so in the case of Judas Iscariot, who, however, 'went out and hanged himself' promptly. Perhaps the 'very mediocre' cleric who owed to the woman he afterwards insulted, 'a recognition after many long struggles', will do the same morally and socially in due course. For it would be as great a wrong to the Church to call such a man a 'Christian' as it would be to canonize Judas. Even the untutored savage will not injure one with whom he has broken bread. And to bite the hand that has supplied a need, is scarcely the act of a mongrel cur,—let us hope it is a sufficiently rare performance among mongrel clerics

Among other such 'trifling' instances of the *un*-Christianity of Christian ministers may be quoted a recent instance of a letter addressed to a country newspaper by a clergyman who complained of the small fees allowed him for the burial of paupers! "The game," so he expressed it, "was not worth the candle." Christian charity was no part of the business. Unless one can make a margin of profit, by committing paupers to the hope of a joyful resurrection, why do it at all? Such appeared to be the sum and substance of the reverend gentleman's argument. Another case in point is the following: A poor man of seventy-five years old, getting the impression that Death was too long in coming to fetch him, committed suicide by hanging himself in a coal-shed. His widow, nearly as aged as he was, went tottering feebly along to the clergyman of the parish, to relate the disaster and seek for help. The first thing the good minister told her was, that her husband, by committing suicide, had gone to hell. He then relaxed his sternness somewhat, and kindly said that, considering her age, infirmity and trouble, she "might call at the rectory every afternoon for the tea-leaves." This gracious invitation meant that the bereaved old creature could have, for her consolation, the refuse of the afternoon tea-pot after it had been well drained by this 'Christian' gentleman, his wife and family! Of other help she got none and life having become too hard for her to manage alone, despite the assistance of the clergyman's tea-leaves, she very soon, fortunately for herself, died of grief and starvation. "He that giveth to the poor" in this fashion, truly "lendeth to the Lord."

'Christianity' and 'Christian' are beautiful words, emblematic of beautiful thoughts and beautiful deeds. The men who profess to teach the value of those thoughts, the influence of those deeds, should be capable in themselves of practically illustrating what they mean by their faith, in their own lives and actions. Inspired by the purest Creed that was ever taught to mankind for its better hope and enlightenment, they should express in their attitude to the world, a confident and constant joy and belief in God's goodness, and should remember that if He, their divine Master 'so loved us,' equally should they, His ordained ministers, love us, ay, even the worst of us, in their turn. When, on the contrary, they do things for which the poorest peasant or dockyard labourer would have the right, and the honest right too, to despise them,—when they commit base actions for money or advancement,—when they are harsh, unyielding, discourteous and obstinate to the degree of even declining to aid a good cause or assist in some benefit to the nation at large, merely because *they* have not been consulted as to ways and methods, they do not deserve to be called 'Christian' at all. They are of that class, unhappily increasing in number, who cry out: "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name?" and to whom will be given the answer: "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity!" Great and noble beyond all praise are true 'Christian' ministers,—and thousands of them are to be found in all parts of the world, working silently and bravely for the rescue of bodies as well as souls, giving practical as well as spiritual help and sympathy to their fellow-men in trouble. But just because their labours are so valuable, one resents all the more deeply the conduct of certain members of the clergy who cast dishonour upon their whole calling,—and just because the vocation of 'priest' is so high, we intensely deplore every action that tends to debase it. The un-Christian cleric belongs to no spiritual form of faith whatsoever, and should not be allowed to pretend that he does. He has but one religion,—Self. And from the professor of Self, no man need ask either help or instruction.

Marie Corelli.



FROM ABROAD

Sensational Billiards in Paris

The billiard match at the Paris Nouveau Cirque, recently held between the American champion, Jake Schaeffer, and Cure, the champion of France, in which, after six evenings' play, Schaeffer won the match and the stakes of £800 by twelve points in a match of 3,000, was perhaps the most sensational one ever played in baulk-line billiards. Throughout the game both players showed magnificent form, and to the last no one could say which would prove the winner in the final, for when Schaeffer took up the cue to make the break which brought him in the match, Cure was but twelve points from the total. Schaeffer at this point wanted sixty-three points to win, but, playing slowly and carefully, succeeded in bunching the balls on the bottom rail of the table, and played out. The scene which followed was extraordinary. The "Wizard's" friends made a rush for him, raised him shoulder high, and raced round and round the scene of battle with him, only pausing from time to time to give three cheers for Monsieur Cure, the Frenchman, who, beaten though he was, had played a splendid game, and proved his mettle. Billiard matches have become very fashionable in Paris of late, and the houses at the Nouveau Cirque to see the Schaeffer-Cure game were enormous ones throughout the week

The Troubles in Bulgaria

The Kaimakani of Koumanova learned, early in the morning of May 26, that a band of insurgents had descended on Pschtinia, a little Bulgarian village an hour's horse ride away, and he dispatched a force of 120 soldiers against them. The insurgents must have seen the soldiers from a great distance, but, though they numbered only 24, they elected to stand their ground. They took up a

Jake Schaeffer, American Billiard Champion

M. Cure, French Billiard Champion

The American proved the winner, by 12 points, of a sensational six-day billiard match of 3,000 up, recently played in Paris

The Fighting in Bulgaria: View of Pschtinia, recently held by 24 insurgents against 120 Turkish soldiers

position on the summit of a barren and rocky cone-shaped mountain top. They piled up little defences of broken stone, and from behind them held the Turks at bay from eleven o'clock until sundown, when the last defender fell. The Turks were strongly reinforced in the afternoon, and gradually climbed the mountain from every side. Their last position was within twenty yards of the insurgents, who, at this point, commenced throwing dynamite bombs. Two Austrian officers (now "reforming" the *gendarmerie*) arrived on the scene at the close, and prevented any maltreatment of the

Penegal, in the Austrian Tyrol, where a new mountain railway has just been constructed

The new railway in the Austrian Tyrol
Showing a viaduct and the gradient between Kaltern and Mendel in course of construction

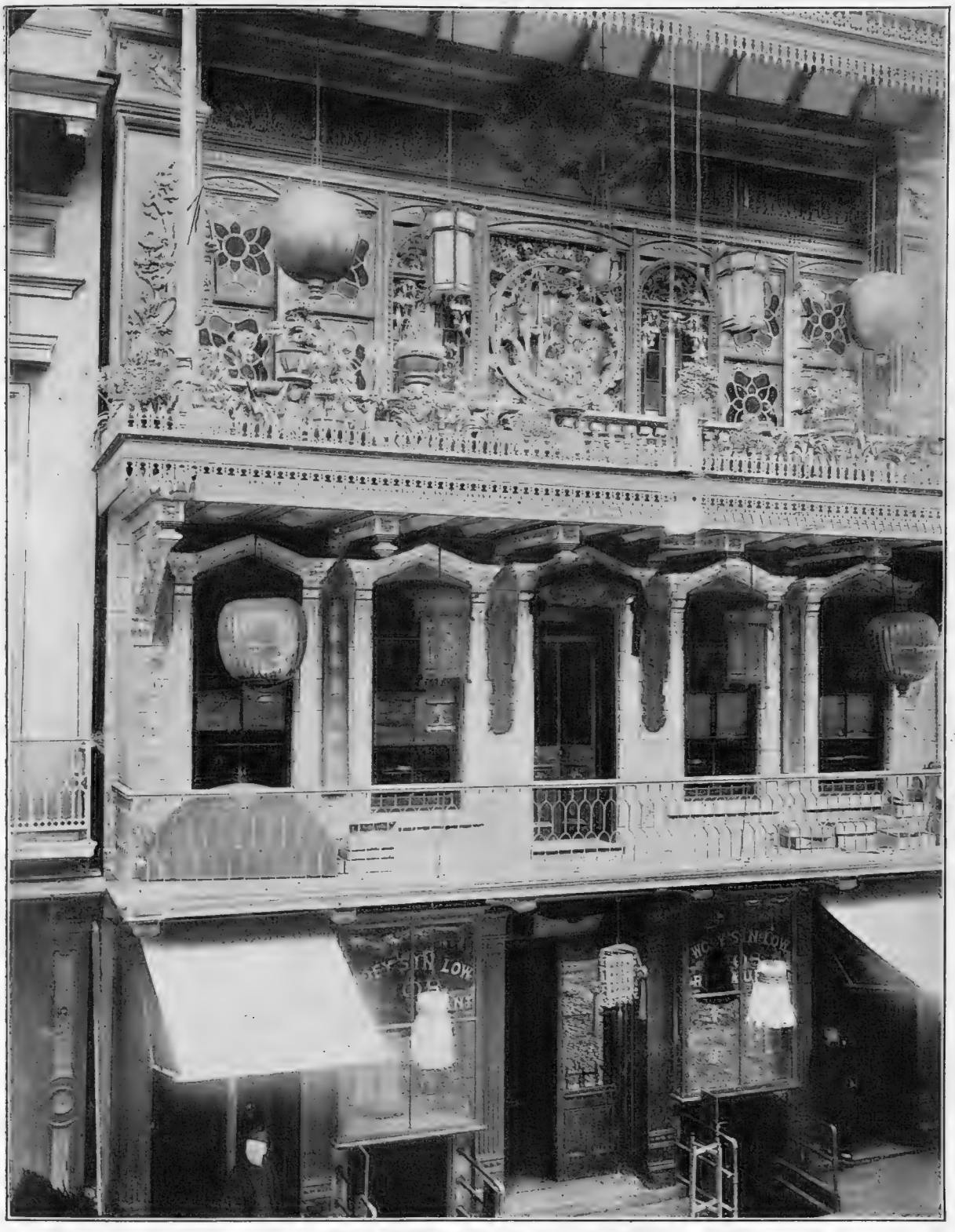
neighbouring villagers. After they left, the Turks stripped the bodies of every vestige of clothing—which loot they sold in the market place of Koumanova. The bodies were turned over to the villagers for interment. There is a general movement of bands in this vilayet (which was quite peaceful last year) and it is probable that this fight is but the beginning of another revolution.

The Steepest Railway in Europe

For those who contemplate a tour in the Austrian Tyrol this summer, a somewhat novel experience is in store. A new mountain railway, the steepest that has ever been attempted, is now available to the public. The line starts from Kaltern, near Bozen, on the Brenner Railway, and conveys the tourist over the famous Mendel pass, hitherto only reached by a long, winding carriage road, crossing the valley of the Adige into the Nons Valley. The railway, which boasts the steepest gradient of any railway in Europe, owes its existence to M. Emile Strub, a native of Clarens. In the 2,350 feet slope up which the train travels, a height of 900 feet is obtained, while the highest point on the line, namely, Mendel, is over 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. The gradient is an exceedingly severe one, and exceeds 45 degrees. The cars will hold about fifty persons; while the beauty of the landscape as the train mounts higher and higher surpasses description. In constructing the line difficulties had to be overcome before the metals could be laid which appeared almost insurmountable, and it was only after tunnelling into the rocky mountain side, and by constructing a series of five curves, each of 1,200 feet, that the line could be completed.

Photo by] **A threshing scene in California** *[Peirce and Co.*

Threshing in America is done on the co-operative system, a dozen or so farmers helping at each other's threshing in turn. Those who have visited the West will recognise the curious "header boxes" used for bringing the grain to the machine, while in the foreground is a typical Western buggy



A CHINESE RESTAURANT IN SAN FRANCISCO

This restaurant, which, as can be seen from our illustration, is decorated with magnificent Oriental carvings, is the largest Chinese restaurant outside China, and can accommodate 800 diners at one time.

Chinese Restaurants

The Chinese quarter is a stock show place in the majority of American towns. Thither the visitor is led, and, not without certain qualms, initiated into the strange manners and customs of the Orientals. A visit to one of the restaurants is an essential part of the entertainment. The conscientious visitor will even go to the lengths of partaking of a bird's-nest pudding, or a plate of chop Suey. The Chinese, of course, consume these delectable dishes in dainty fashion by means of chop-sticks, but for the clumsy white people, knives and forks are provided. Our illustration gives a good idea of the beautifully carved exterior of these restaurants. Can it be that such a one will soon be putting to shame the unadorned masonry of the buildings in Johannesburg?

CONCERNING GENERAL BOOTH

(No. 32 OF THE SERIES.)

Unlike all the other armies of which civilisation takes account, the Salvation Army has only one big gun. This effective piece of heavy artillery carries an enormous distance, finding it easy to reach Tokyo and New York from London, and it seems impossible to wear it out. Its name is William Booth.

There are several opinions as to the correct method of referring to the Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army. Some describe him simply as General Booth, others as "General" Booth. Serious periodicals, with a reputation for pedantry to maintain, have been known to speak of plain Mr. Booth, while the Court Newsman, in chronicling that summons to an audience with the King, which has crowned the success of the Salvation Army, referred to "The Reverend William Booth."

The accuracy of this courtly allusion is very questionable, for, like Mr. Chamberlain, the General is an ex-minister. It is many long years since he resigned his pastorate in the Methodist New Connexion Church, and since then a leading feature of his work has been his total disregard of all sectarian distinctions. His Army extends its protection to every sort of believer, from a Roman Catholic to a fire-worshipper, the only recompense it asks being that the protected one shall do his best to be a good Roman Catholic or a good fire-worshipper.

Let us, for convenience sake, speak of him as so many thousands of his admirers and subordinates do, as "the General." It is a slight enough honour to pay to a man who has built up with his own hands, and aided by neither wealth nor position, an organisation which is, in its way, unequalled by anything in the world's history. The Salvation Army is at work to-day in forty-nine different countries. It comprises upwards of seven thousand organisations within itself; and it has sixty-three periodicals of its own, having a circulation, we are told, of a million and a quarter among them. As a newspaper-proprietor, indeed, the General stands in line for a baronetcy, if for nothing better; while as one who has done service to the public, it is hard to see why he should not join his namesake in the Privy Council. The reason is probably to be found in a fear that he might call upon his colleagues in that august body to repent; and our public life is governed by an assumption that spiritual salvation is assured to all persons having letters of the alphabet after their names. Everyone must see that to invite a costermonger, or even a tradesman in a small way of business, to repent is permissible enough; but to extend such an appeal to a P.C., a K.C., a K.G., an M.P., an F.R.S., or an R.A., would be in the very worst taste possible. Such persons are never asked to repent, and, so far as can be ascertained, they never do: probably because they do not need to.

Thirty years ago the only mark of public attention ever bestowed on the Salvation Army was an occasional brick. These were for the most part concrete and material projectiles, generally aimed at the big drum—for there are few things in this vale of tears the smashing of which yields such perfect satisfaction as the smashing of a big drum. Some of the bricks, however, were epistolary, and did much more harm. Prominent among the enemies of the Army and its founder was the late Professor Huxley, who discovered in it, with its complete subordination and obedience to its head, a formidable danger to society. But in all the time of its existence the Army has been kept resolutely to its evangelising and social work. No hint of an intervention in politics has ever come from the General; and while the work of his followers has entirely won the sympathy of the class among whom they labour, the Army's steady attention to its business, and marvellous success in places that no Church can reach, has removed practically all the distrust with which it was once regarded by those in a higher station.

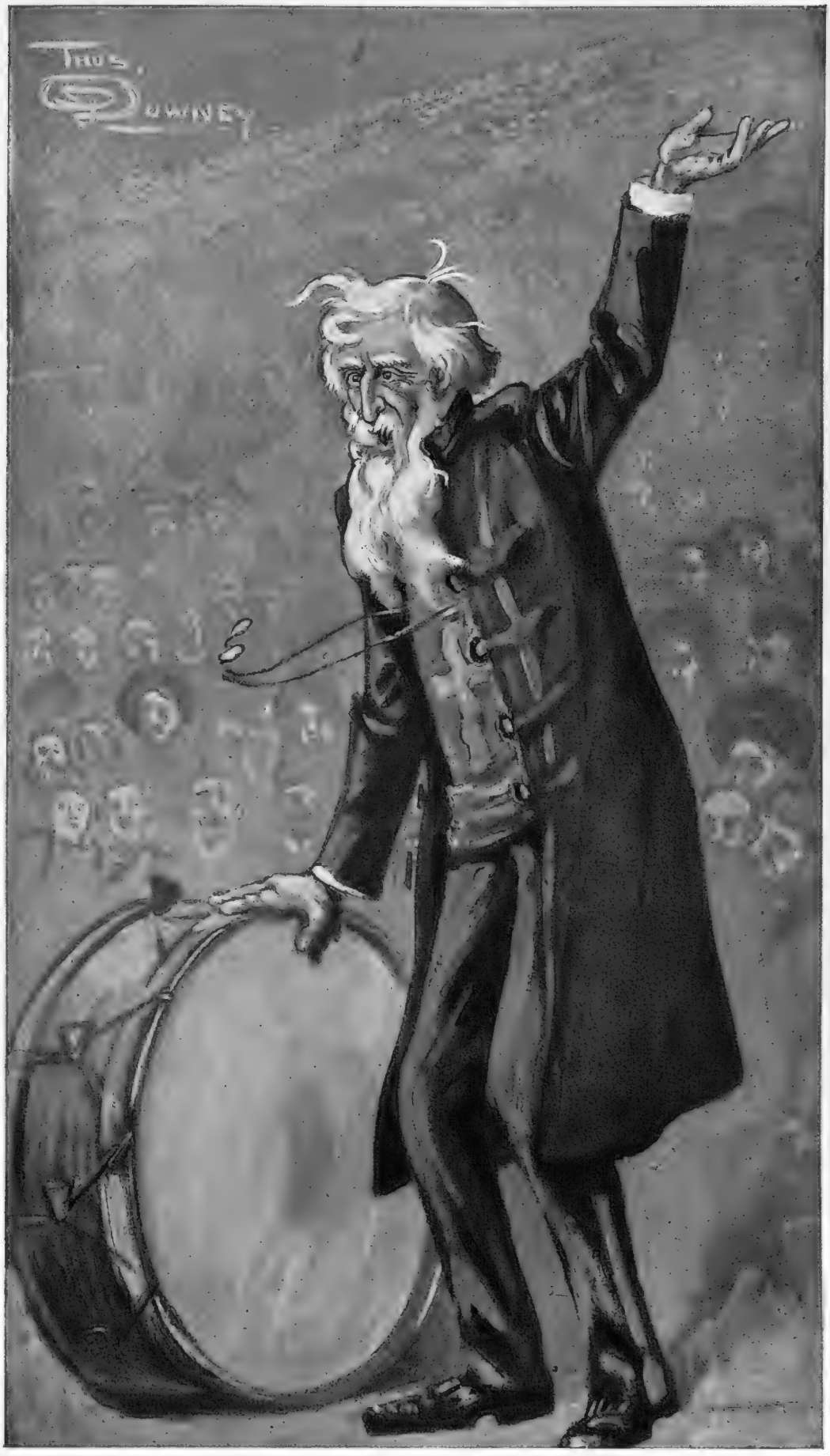
The day of the brickbats is long gone by. Nothing is thrown at General Booth and his followers nowadays, except money; and of that the Army has gathered in an incredible amount. The numerous schemes of social reform which the General has in operation all over the world could never have been begun without a vast capital, and there has never been any difficulty in obtaining funds from the public.

Of the three greatest compliments ever paid to the General and his followers, the first was a matter of money It was paid by the Governments of the various Australian States, when they decided to grant public money to the Salvation Army authorities for the carrying out of their social operations. From this source the Army still derives an income of £10,000 a year.

The second compliment was paid by the late Archbishop Benson and the late Bishop Westcott, who once called on the General with a proposal that the Army should, in his own phrase, "come under the Church umbrella;" a proposal which was at once rejected. And the third was paid by the Emperor of Japan last year, when he issued a mandate that all prisoners, on being released from the gaols, should be handed over to the Japanese branch of the Army.

We should, perhaps, mention a fourth compliment, which some will regard as the most magnificent of all. Dr. Dowie disapproves of the Salvation Army.

Napoleon once said, "Give me a man with plenty of nose"—a craving which was subsequently gratified at Waterloo That mark of executive ability General Booth assuredly possesses; but those who have never seen his portrait cannot get away from the magnitude of his achievement. What will happen at his death to the Army, which absolutely depends upon his personality, it is difficult to say; but the success of his lifetime is one of the wonders of history.



The Champion of the Fallen

"At the Sign of the Times"

The Opening of the Silly Season

Midsummer Day is generally taken to mark the opening of the Silly Season in the journalistic calendar. The season after that date is not really any sillier, of course, than any other: it is only less solemn. The Prime Minister, as a rule, gives up the pretence of thinking that the Rules of the House are important and rigid things, which ought to be observed; the *Times* opens its well-written columns to a guarded discussion of the Salvation Army, or to the complaints of the gentleman who has for the fourth time lost his bag while travelling between Paris and Basle; a hint of other subjects as interesting as Passive Resistance becomes apparent in the *Daily News*.

Encouragement of Naturalness

In fact, speaking at large, the season is more natural. Naturalness is encouraged, and people let themselves go. As an example of what I mean, I might point to the recent correspondence between Sir Frederick Milner and Mr. Robson. Ordinarily, whatever the point at issue between them, they would probably have been among the first to observe the common amenities of members of the House of Commons. As it is, they took their pens in their hands, and let fly.

A Parliamentary Example

If I had to sum up the case, I should say that Sir Frederick was wrong in asking Mr. Robson to repeat outside the House what he had said in it. The repetition might have caused a precedent. And what a terrible precedent it would be that should entitle Members to repeat outside the House of Commons all that they say in it! It is often dull enough when they are saying something that they never said before. On the other hand, Mr. Robson might have tried harder to make out Sir Frederick's handwriting, recollecting that no matter how a man writes, he may have the best intentions in the world.

Modest Sir F. Milner

Perhaps the best summing up of the case was made by Sir Frederick Milner himself, when he wrote, with true modesty, seeing that his own letters were included, "The enclosed correspondence may enable your readers to judge what confidence may be placed in the arguments and accusations of irresponsible politicians."

Should Cats be Taxed?

An impost on cats has been proposed before now, and Mr. Aflalo gave some excellent reasons for a half-crown tax in a paper he read at the Church House the other day. But he did not gainsay the one insuperable objection. It is that, not only would such a tax encourage the race of mice beyond the normal housekeeper's endurance, but it would also make the price of rabbit-pie prohibitive.

Strength and Weakness

"Strong men shook" wrote a morning paper's representative, in describing the contest between Hackenschmidt and Jenkins at the Albert Hall—"And women wiped their eyes." I somehow suspect that the representative himself shed a tear or two. Sensations are cheap to-day.

"The Röntgen Rae"

That, I suppose, is why Mr. Rae, a bone-setter, has attracted so much attention lately. I notice that the same portion of the Press which began by booming his "miraculous" cures ended by making prudent and highly sagacious references to the dangers of quackery. There is more than a little danger at present of a quack journalism—not in harmony with the great traditions of the English Press. Such journalism would be dearer at a ha'penny than a "complete physical cure" at a guinea.

The Effect of Earthquakes

You never can tell, apparently, what the effect of an earthquake will be. During the recent shock in Derbyshire—so I read—a young man *saw* his chair rattle, while a hat-merchant, who seems to have been an older and ought to have been a wiser man, heard his water-jug vibrate. It was all very alarming, and if only Derbyshire could make certain of having some recurrences of these interesting events, I am sure it would prove a very good tourists' advertisement.

Unionists Separated

I cannot help hoping that in the interests of those who at some future date will start on the elements of political history, and have to answer—in school examinations perhaps—the question, "What was meant by a Unionist?" I say that I cannot help hoping that one section or other of the split Unionists will change their name. A Unionist used to mean a Liberal who separated from his party on the question of Home Rule—now, what does it mean (1) In practical politics? (2) In Minor Poetry?

On Rumours

The man who can define Unionism briefly might at the same time point out the difference between a rumour, a doubtful rumour, a sinister rumour, and a rumour not without foundation? Can a rumour ever be accounted the prelude to a fact? Or is it something complete in itself—and useful only as whetting the appetite for the somewhat dull facts that usually follow it? Somebody must know.

MINIMUS.

HOW YOUNG SOCIETY PURSUES ITS WEARY PILGRIMAGE

(SKETCHED BY HILDA COWHAM)

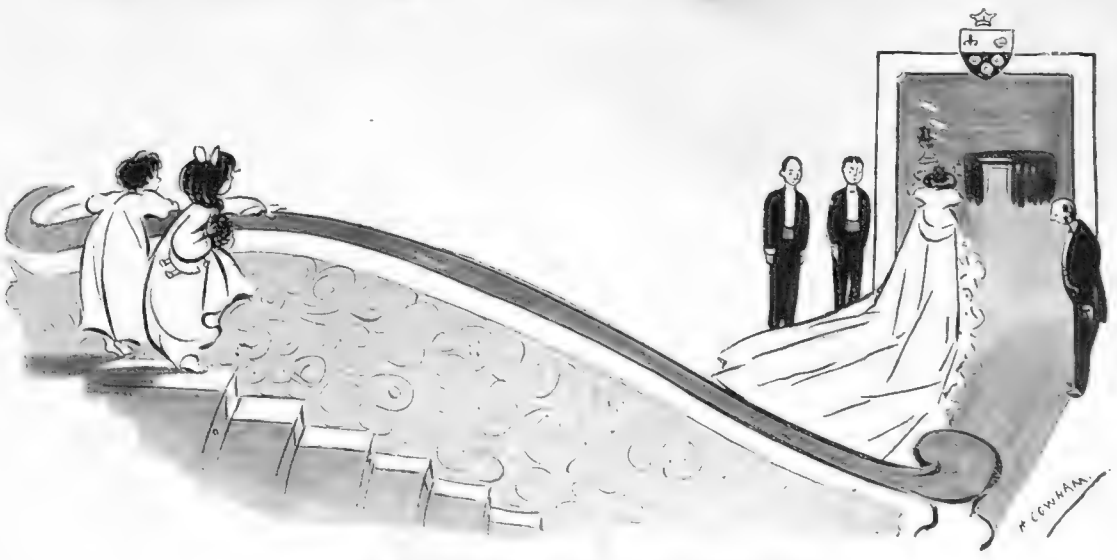
His lordship *en promenade* with his tin soldier

Her ladyship takes the air in the park

And Nurse has her 'normous great tin soldier

A young dukeling feeds the ducklings

Mamma calls, and an embryo duchess resigns herself to wait



Mamma's day commences when Young Society's ends

AMERICAN TOPICS

There has been some talk lately in England of women being admitted to the noble army of stock-brokers—talk which came to nothing. But in Wall Street the woman stockbroker is by no means unknown; nor, for that matter, is the woman cotton-market expert or the woman accountant. A prosperous stock exchange business was carried on by Lady Cook, in the days when she was Miss Tennessee Claflin, and her sister, Mrs. Victoria Woodhall, now Mrs. J. B. Martin. The pair did not pretend to have any other object than that of proving that women were as capable as men of transacting business of the kind; and their success has been followed by that of other women. All the same, the feminine J. Pierpont Morgan is still below the horizon.

America is the land of strange advertisements; but it has not hitherto done anything revolutionary to that remunerative corner of the newspaper in which the births, deaths, and marriages appear. However, in a recent issue of a well-known daily, the following two items, one following the other, appeared among the marriages:

PAINE—OTTENS.—At the home of the groom's mother, in Brooklyn, at 2 p.m., Friday, June 10, 1904, Ettie M. Ottens, of Arverne, L. I., to Robert T. Paine, of Far Rockaway, L. I.

PAINE—OTTENS. — Married, without the knowledge or consent of her parents, Henrietta Margaret Ottens, of Arverne, L. I., to Robert Treat Paine, at the home of his mother, 656, Madison Street, Brooklyn, by the Rev. Otho F. Bartholow, Friday, June 10, 1904.

A special interest about this distressing affair in the Ottens' household is due to the fact that the bridegroom is the direct descendant of a gentleman of the same name who signed the Declaration of Independence. Apparently his bride desired to prove her worthiness to marry into so distinguished a family by making a declaration of independence on her own account.

The full casualty-list for the Fourth of July will probably have been prepared and published by the time these lines appear in print. It always takes some time to get out, as a certain proportion of the deaths are of a lingering nature. Last year there were 4,349 persons injured by crackers and toy pistols. Of these, 466 died. The great majority of the cases were those of children, who died of lockjaw following upon their injuries. Efforts are made every year to prevent the national joy from taking a form so fatal; but hitherto nothing has damped the enthusiasm, or the gunpowder, of the American boy.

It is a sad story, that of the malicious cutting up of Santos Dumont's balloon, and reminds us of previous difficulties which foreign sportsmen have had who entered themselves for competitions in the United States. The slitting of the balloon was accomplished by means of a peculiarly dishonourable stratagem. The apparatus was, of course, under a strict guard, provided by the World's Fair officials, and all seemed safe enough; but the ruffian who did the deed came while the guard were away at lunch.

An Impression of Fair America

"THE CONVERSION OF NAT STURGE." BY MALCOLM WATSON

THE AMUSING NEW CURTAIN-RAISER AT THE GARRICK THEATRE

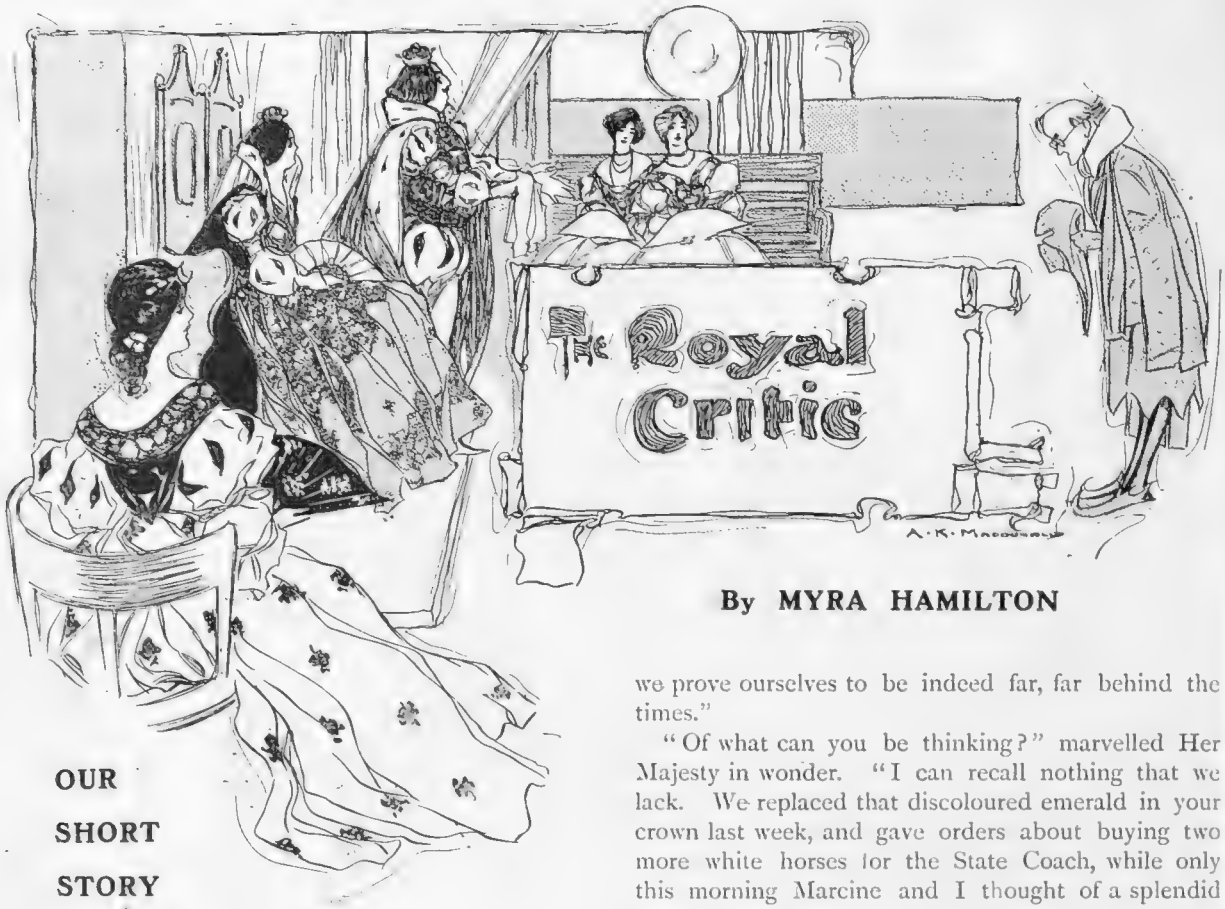
Mr. Webb-Darleigh — Mr. Arthur Bourchier

The Bishop, in his night robes, surprises the burglar at his fell work, trying to rob the safe of £500

Photos by — *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Nancy Price — Mr. Webb-Darleigh — Mr. Arthur Bourchier

The Bishop artfully entraps the burglar, and actually agrees to give him his liberty and the £500 if he will marry his (the Bishop's) step-daughter. The burglar looks at the lady, considers the point a moment, and refuses the money. Much amusement was caused at the Clement-Scott *matinée*, when the piece was first produced by the hideous make-up employed by the beautiful Miss Nancy Price in the rôle of the Bishop's step-daughter. She was unrecognisable



OUR SHORT STORY

By MYRA HAMILTON

THE Queen and King of Scartia were a very happy couple, as well they might be, for besides being devoted to each other, they lived in a beautiful Palace, and both adored their one lovely daughter. This maiden, the Princess Marcine, was betrothed to a man as noble in rank as herself, who, besides possessing vast wealth, possessed, too, what was of greater value—such a charm of manner that all loved him and made him welcome when he appeared. But one morning the King joined his wife and daughter with a troubled look upon his face, and in spite of the contentment with which they were surrounded, as he sat down upon the throne he sighed heavily.

The Queen glanced up from her embroidery frame in great astonishment, but she could not believe it possible that her husband, after so many years of happy married life, in which he had always been so blithe of heart, had at last found something to disturb him.

"It is a strange but crushing idea," began this monarch moodily, "although I thought our life at this Palace, amid the many beauties and luxuries with which we are surrounded, was so complete that it required nothing to perfect it, I now learn, through arduously pouring over the old and musty books in the library, that our Court—nay, the entire Kingdom itself—lacks one most important thing, without which we prove ourselves to be indeed far, far behind the times."

"Of what can you be thinking?" marvelled Her Majesty in wonder. "I can recall nothing that we lack. We replaced that discoloured emerald in your crown last week, and gave orders about buying two more white horses for the State Coach, while only this morning Marcine and I thought of a splendid name to give the Lord Chamberlain's new baby. There is a hot and cold shower now attached to the royal bath, and the latest report concerning the state of the Army is an excellent one, while even you approve of our darling's future husband, so let us be satisfied with our blessings and not crave for more."

But the King shook his head. "Yes," he said, "it sounds splendid, I admit, and I always thought it was so, until I suddenly realised our deficiency. We need a Critic, but in all my territory there is not one living one."

"A critic, papa?" asked Marcine. "What sort of a thing is that? It has a dull, useful sound."

"Sh-h," said the monarch sharply, for he hated disrespect in any form, "it is not a thing at all. It is a person—a real human being possessing such vast knowledge that not only can he do everything perfectly himself, but it is a treat to listen to his words of wisdom when he condescends to indicate the weak spots in others. His familiarity with whatever subject is under discussion is so great as to be quite amazing. Indeed, it is a privilege to be in the room with him, much less hear him speak. Fortunately, I have just heard of one who, owing to too much plain speaking, has ceased to be popular in his own land, and, therefore, is coming to dwell here, within this palace itself. He is so brave and noble that he consents to come readily, making only one little condition, which is, that we provide him with the best of everything."

And then, to the surprise of all, one of the ladies-in-waiting, who was called Zuleika, rose and threw herself on her knees at the feet of the complacent monarch. "Oh, sire, before it is too late, do not do

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this thing," she wailed; "we are so happy and content with each other and our surroundings now, do not let us be disturbed. It is not necessary for our happiness that we should be criticised, I am sure, and the cold, callous words of a fault-finding stranger will chill us to the bone, I suppose we are not quite perfect. I have heard that no human being can be, but I am quite, quite positive of one thing."

"And what is that, Zuleika?" asked the monarch, stretching out his hand to assist the kneeling girl to rise.

"We are as perfect as the man who is coming to be our Critic. Oh, already I hate him—I hate him!"

The Princess Marcine was listening in silence to this discussion, for her home life had been so peaceful that she hardly understood the true meaning of some of the conversation, but seeing her favourite friend in such distress, she, too, began to cry, and would not be comforted. His Majesty glanced from one to the other in bewilderment. "This is what comes of trying to add to one's collection of valuables," he muttered. Then aloud he said, "The knowledge and attainments of this critic are above dispute, or else he would not be a critic; therefore he must be made welcome when he comes, and his words stored up as one would treasure precious stones. While we are speaking about him, I may as well mention, also, that he is now on his way to join us; in fact, within a few hours he will be here, and I must insist upon this nonsense being forgotten before he comes. Now, dry your eyes, both of you, and do not let us have such a silly scene again."

Soon three loud blasts on the golden trumpet announced to the anxious household that the new arrival was drawing near the Palace gates. Marcine and her lady-in-waiting rushed to a window, and while they watched the procession approach, Zuleika's pretty red lips curled with scorn.

"So His Majesty sent the gilded chariot and eight of the best horses to fetch the guest!" she remarked to the Princess. "And why should a critic indeed be so honoured? Methinks our everyday coach would have brought him fast enough, or even his own legs!"

There was no denying the fact that the first feeling experienced when the Critic appeared was one of deep disappointment, for he was quite ordinary looking, though, indeed, so shabbily dressed, that if it had not been for his strange air of aloofness, he might have been taken for anybody and not been given another thought.

Zuleika was most dismayed, for, in spite of her prejudice, she treasured a notion that he might be a man whom it would be possible to consider in the light of a future husband, while Marcine had hoped that, if he should prove young and active, he would be an excellent companion for the Prince she was to marry. The Queen trusted he would be old enough to appreciate the many comforts of the spare room, and, as she looked at him, she thought regretfully of the new mattress which she had recently stuffed with white feathers. "I am sure he will never give it a thought," she said to herself sadly, "and, of course, he must have that room, or he may fancy himself slighted."

His Majesty was the least disappointed, but then he was wise, and knew what a mistake it was to expect too much of anybody, besides, knowing how accomplished his guest was reported to be, he had been prepared for a little eccentricity, so it was with the utmost cordiality he rose from his throne, and, after bowing three times, made him welcome. The Critic returned the salute, and then, bending before the Queen, he raised her hand to his lips.

"It is, indeed, good of you to venture so long a distance to join us," said her Majesty, with a most adorable smile. "I only hope you will not repent your rashness."

"I don't think," replied the truthful Critic, "that I should have come if I had known how far it really was, and the miles seemed longer, too, as the route lay through such uninteresting country."

The Princess

"Uninteresting country!" cried the King in surprise. "Why, we consider it quite superb. You surely saw the lake, with the beautiful hills rising behind it, and the vast stretches of wood on either side? The trees there are very fine."

"May be," said the Critic contemptuously; "but what foliage! It might really be anything!"

"No, it might not," broke out Zuleika, too indignant to remember her manners. "It could only be one thing, and that is, what it is. Those trees are perfect, and everybody knows they are, and when the leaves are out in their fresh green tints, and the sun creeps through and shines between the tiny little branches, as it was doing when you passed by just now, anybody can see for themselves the wonders of the forest!"

"Zuleika! Silence!" commanded the King, while the Queen and Marcine looked on in awe; but fortunately the Critic was not offended. He gazed steadily at the flushed face of the girl, and when she finished her indignant outburst he began to speak:

"How much better it would be," he said gently, "if you dressed your hair in a different way. Your forehead is too low for that method to become you."

Too angry and amazed to reply, Zuleika rushed from the room, and from that minute she hated, with a hatred that never became less, the Critic who came to live among them all.

Within a few days he began to make an impression upon the King and Queen that they found impossible to shake off. His Majesty was almost in despair, for he saw now the mistakes he made, while trying to do his best, for the Critic spared nothing in his remarks. It was he who pointed out to the monarch how wrong was his method of living, but when begged to make some suggestions towards altering it, he had respectfully declined to interfere. "Do as you think best," he would say, "and then I will give my opinion." In the same way, too, he had abused the Palace—a fine old building which their Majesties held dear, but when Zuleika, always ready to annoy him, proposed he should draw up a plan of improvement, he discreetly turned the conversation. His continual remarks so troubled the Queen that she dreaded to sit down to meals with him, for she did not know what she should do if he began to criticise the cooking. "I have the finest cook in the kingdom," she said to her daughter, "and nothing the Critic can say will make her better."

"Don't listen to him, mother dearest," begged the girl, who, in imitation of her friend, treated the new arrival with the utmost disdain. But Her Majesty need not have feared, for it was soon clear that in her guest's eye the one perfect thing, connected with the Palace, was the cooking. The Critic had nothing but warm praise for each dish, and the lavish manner in which he helped himself proved how genuine his words were.

As time went on, the days, instead of being full of mirth and brightness as they used to be, became long and dull, with little to vary them. All entertainments were abandoned, for, as the Critic had clearly proved, no sane person could show any hospitality in such a banqueting hall, and when Zuleika fiercely demanded to know wherein lay its fault, he merely shrugged his shoulders, and did so again when the girl reminded him it had been good enough for all his Majesty's ancestors. Nobody even drove out, and the Queen's subjects rarely saw her beyond the Palace gates. "Why do you want to sit for hours in a thing like that?" asked the Critic the first time he saw the royal carriage at the door, and Her Majesty, too abashed to think of a suitable reply, burst into tears and had to be led sobbing away. The Court circle became smaller and smaller as all the officials were dismissed as the Critic pointed out their faults, while the few remaining ones resigned themselves to his interference, being too old to hear or to notice what he said, but in spite of the horrible difference the Critic's presence made, two only seemed not to care a bit. Zuleika, the lady-in-waiting, either laughed at what he said or boldly contradicted him, while Marcine, led by her friend, treated him in just the same way and pretended she did not fear him in the very least. But it was only pretence, for a great dread had taken hold of her, and every night she lay awake to think about it. In a few days her lover, the Prince Ferdinand, was expected at the Palace, and so greatly was Marcine attached to him that she felt she could not bear to hear him criticised, and yet she knew she was powerless to prevent it. The meeting, however, seemed quite a success between the Critic and the Prince, but after the latter left the room, Marcine sat down trembling, for she was sure something she did not want to hear was coming.

"Who was that?" said the Critic, almost before the great doors had closed after His Royal Highness, "a strange face he had."

"That," said the Princess in a shrill, strained voice, "that is Prince Ferdinand. We are to be married in the spring."

"Really," replied the Critic. "What a pity his legs are crooked."

The poor Princess gasped with indignation. "I like crooked legs in a Prince," she retorted feebly, looking appealingly at her friend for support.

The lady-in-waiting soon came to the rescue. "Straight legs," she remarked, addressing nobody in particular, "are a sign of lack of breeding. In this country only the most common people have them."

The Critic stealthily drew his robes over his knees, for he was aware that his legs were particularly straight, and he wanted to hide them. "I dare say," he went on, "that any man parting his hair at the side would make a worthy husband. People with no taste generally do."

"Hair parted, even at the side," casually observed Zuleika, seeing the Princess was too depressed to speak, "is better than no hair at all. A shiny bald head," she went on cruelly, "is so like the outside of an egg that I always want to crack it."

"A most objectionable girl, that," the Critic told himself, feeling cruelly conscious of his scanty locks, but he knew it was no good making the remark aloud, for he was aware how little Zuleika cared. But in spite of her sharp tongue, a few days later the lady-in-waiting showed how tender her heart could be, for one morning, as she crossed the courtyard, she heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and, to her amazement, she saw the horse belonging to the Prince Ferdinand being led up and down white

waiting for its master. When his Royal Highness appeared she went up to him, but was startled to see how white and drawn his face looked.

"Does the Princess accompany you?" she asked him curiously, but the young man shook his head.

"No," he told her, "not now, nor ever again, alas! for I ride away alone and not to return. The Princess does not wish me to be her husband."

Zuleika

"But she loves you," declared Zuleika, "I am sure of it."

"I used to be," rejoined Ferdinand, "but somebody has poisoned her mind against me. If only I knew who it was I'd wring his neck."

"The Critic," exclaimed Zuleika. "I guessed how it would be directly he came here. Everything is altered! He has upset the entire Palace and made everybody miserable, but he shall not bring trouble into the Princess's life, for that I have the power to stop. I love her dearly—why, as dearly as you do, I believe—and no shadows shall fall upon her."

"But how can you prevent it?" asked the Prince looking eagerly at the girl's flushed face. "He is an honoured guest here. What will you do?"

"Ah," replied Zuleika, "that is my secret, but I know how to get rid of him, and I will do it. I have entreated His Majesty to end this horrible visitation, but he does not seem to notice what trouble the man causes, while the Queen's pale cheeks escape his eyes too. But meet me here in an hour's time, and you will find I have cleared the Palace of its most unpopular guest."

"But mayn't I help you?" urged His Royal Highness; "you are too weak to fight this man unaided. At least let me lend you my knife. It is very sharp."

Zuleika laughed merrily and shook her head. "I keep my weapon between my teeth," she said. "I do not wish to kill, even though he is old and ugly. Have no fear; he shall leave the Palace alive, I promise you."

And for an hour Prince Ferdinand wandered aimlessly about, his heart swelling with gratitude as he thought of the effort the Princess's friend was making to help them both, and most earnestly did he hope it would succeed. Soon his thoughts were interrupted by the striking of a clock, and, knowing it was time to keep his appointment, he hurried across the garden path; but suddenly he stopped, for there, either side of the sun-dial, stood two figures. Though their faces were turned towards the road, His Royal Highness recognised them as being the Princess and Zuleika, but so intently were they watching something in the distance that they did not hear him until he was quite close; and then, Marcine, remembering how harshly she had treated her lover, would have withdrawn, had not Zuleika laid a detaining hand on her arm.

Feeling that the time for quarelling was over, the Prince approached, and without speaking, drew his sweetheart to his side and kissed her tenderly, while she, reading her pardon in his eyes, was content. But suddenly she roused herself and pointed towards the road where a carriage was swiftly rolling along. "See," she said, "do you know who drives away so rapidly?"

"Not—not the Critic?" gasped the Prince. "Oh, Zuleika, how did you do it?"

"I criticised him," said the lady-in-waiting simply, "and being a critic himself, I knew he could not bear it. I told him I should go on doing it, so he fled in desperation. I believe even now he drives with his hands over his ears in case a critical shout should follow him, but he need fear no longer. He has gone out of our lives for good and——"

But she stopped in amazement, for the reconciled couple, absorbed in themselves, had turned towards the lover's walk, quite heedless of their companion. Zuleika looked after them for a minute with a frown upon her face. "And that is gratitude," she remarked scornfully. Then she gave herself an indignant shake. "I must be careful, or I shall become the royal critic myself. Oh, how terrible that would be!"

"But suddenly he stopped, for there, either side of the sun-dial stood two figures, which he recognised as the Princess and Zuleika"

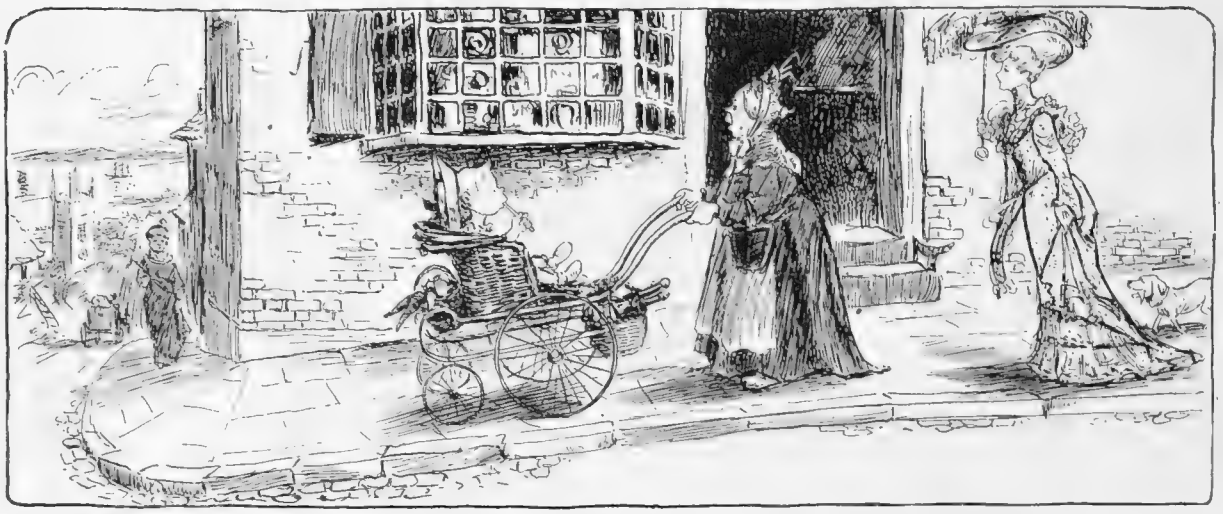
THE 'VARSITY CRICKET MATCH

A. C. von Ernsthausen, bowling to H. C. McDonell. The other batsman is R. P. Keigwin

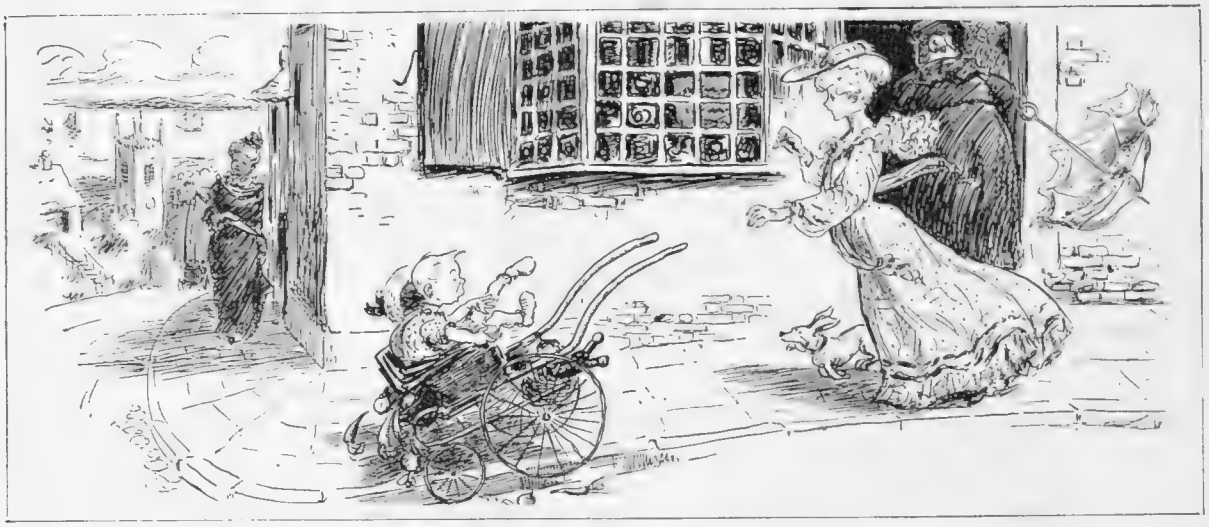
AT LORD'S: A DRAWN GAME

A Gay Scene during the Luncheon Interval

FEMININE AMENITIES AT DUMPTON-BY-THE-SEA



I.



II.

III.

I.—Mrs. Tubbs: "There—you wait 'ere, ducky, while mummy does some shopping."

II.—Mrs. Blithely: "Oh! the careless woman, to leave the thing on a slope like that. How fortunate that I was passing at the time!"

III.—Mrs. Passey *(a rival, turning the corner at the moment of the rescue)*: "Oh! really this *is* charming. I haven't seen your youngest before. Isn't he *exactly* like you!"

By CHARLES LEE

IT was at a Bell-Ringers' Festival in a small West Country village. The occasion was the inauguration of a new peal of bells in the church tower; the programme included a ringing competition in which five celebrated teams were taking part, a ninepenny tea in the schoolroom, and a dedication service at which an Archdeacon was to officiate. What I have to tell of occurred at the tea.

The schoolroom was furnished with four long tables. At each end of each table, with urn, kettle, and cups before her, stood one who seemed a daughter of the gods—such haughty transformation does the public dispensing of liquid nourishment—be it tea or beer—mysteriously work in womankind. Along the tables, crowded as close as mortals could be crowded, and breathe, sat a mixed company of farm and fisher folk, members of three or four villages and a dozen scattered town-places, all devoutly engaged in justifying the ninepence. The farther end of the farthest table was reserved for the Rector's party of quality folk, to whom that ninepence was plainly as nothing; for they talked more than they ate, deliberately chose the thinnest slice of bread and butter, and eschewed the cake altogether. There I espied a gap in the ranks, and took my seat therein.

I found myself face to face with the plump, white-haired Archdeacon himself. The Rector's wife was on one side of him, and on the other sat a lean, lantern-jawed stranger, who was eating and drinking with the desperate determination of the incurably thin man. It was impossible not to admire the easy nonchalance with which from time to time he reached across the Archdeacon to dip his spoon, half full of tea, into the sugar-basin, right under the formidable nose of the Rector's wife. Admirable, too, was his prescient promptitude in taking toll of the rarer dainties—saffron cakes, jam tarts, and the like—as they travelled to and fro before him, and storing them for future consumption in the subsidiary plate which he guarded within the crook of his left elbow. Presently, having drained his fourth cup, he marked it for his own by taking two jammy plum-stones from his plate,

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sucking them dry, and depositing them in the saucer; then, half rising, he balanced himself with one confiding hand on the Archdeacon's shoulder, and with the other steered cup and saucer along the table between plates and dishes, as far in the direction of the tea-urn as his extended forefinger would reach. There he abandoned them trustingly to the care and guidance of the gentry, and, sinking back in his seat, looked about him for the first time. Here was a fit opportunity to devote a few moments to the lighter amenities of the social board, and he began by addressing a general observation to the company at large, as one who casts a line at random into unknown waters.

"Friends," he said, "let us be truly thankful there's one tasty tipple in the land that don't make a man drunk."

The Archdeacon beamed mildly round upon him. Thus encouraged, he plunged at once into a confidential intimacy with his venerable neighbour.

"Though there's some in these parts, mister," he remarked, laying a familiar finger on the other's arm, "that takes gin to their tay; and I shouldn' wonder but what you know plenty that do the same."

"A bad habit," said the Archdeacon, without committing himself to an acknowledgment of disreputable acquaintance.

"So 'tis: a wasteful habit. It spoil the tay, and don't improve the gin. To my mind gin be poor stuff at the best o' times. Cheap, you'll say, and I grant 'e that. If you've a mind to be drunk, 'twill sarve your turn; but when I come across a man that don't conseder the quality of his liquor, I condemn that man for a perishing beast. The drink's the thing, not the drunk; bear that in mind. Yes, a wasteful habit, as you was a-saying; and what's more, a mean, deceitful habit. Mind 'e, I'm a sober man myself, in moderation; but what I say is this—Get drunk if you've a mind to, but do it honest and open-like."

The stranger's voice was loud and clear; by this time half the room was listening absorbedly. His attitude, his intent eye and impressive forefinger, gave his remarks such a disconcerting air of personal remonstrance, that the Archdeacon was hardly to be blamed for abruptly changing the subject.

"This is an interesting occasion on which we are gathered together to-day," said he.

"So 'tis," agreed the stranger. "Though I set more store by supper myself."

"I was referring to the bell-ringing," explained the Archdeacon hastily.

"Oh, that! Ay! Well, to tell 'e the truth, I didn' come in time for that, nor I didn' look to, neither; nor I don't hold with these carnal gamuts in a place o' worship. No; I pitched to get here in time for the tay. Mind 'e, I'm Primitive myself; but whenever there's a Church tay going on, I'm bound to be there. Our Primitive tays ben't much account, you see. We haven' got the cash, and that's the truth. Rich we may be in doctrine, few more so, but our pastry's poor stuff. Wesleyan tays ben't much better; they're a mean lot, these Wesleyans. If ever you should hap to go to a Wesleyan tay, mister, don't double your slice whatever you do, or not a taste o' the butter you'll get on your tongue, they scrape it that thin. Now, your Baptists is a bit better; I've knowed some tidy Baptist come-outs. They're rare hands for tarts, these Baptists, and they make their tay stronger 'n you'd think, consedering their doctrine. But what I always say is this: When it come to the flesh-pots, gi'e me Church."

His speculative eye wandered over the Archdeacon's comely proportions, and that embarrassed ecclesiastic toyed nervously with the crumbs on his plate, while universal silence reigned around. The stranger's glance was attracted to the plate.

"But you ain't aiting nothing!" he exclaimed. "Here"—he seized a dish at random—"try these here saffern cakes. I never hitched my teeth into solider cakes, not in my life, I assure 'e."

"Too heavy for me, I fear," said the Archdeacon, politely waving them aside.

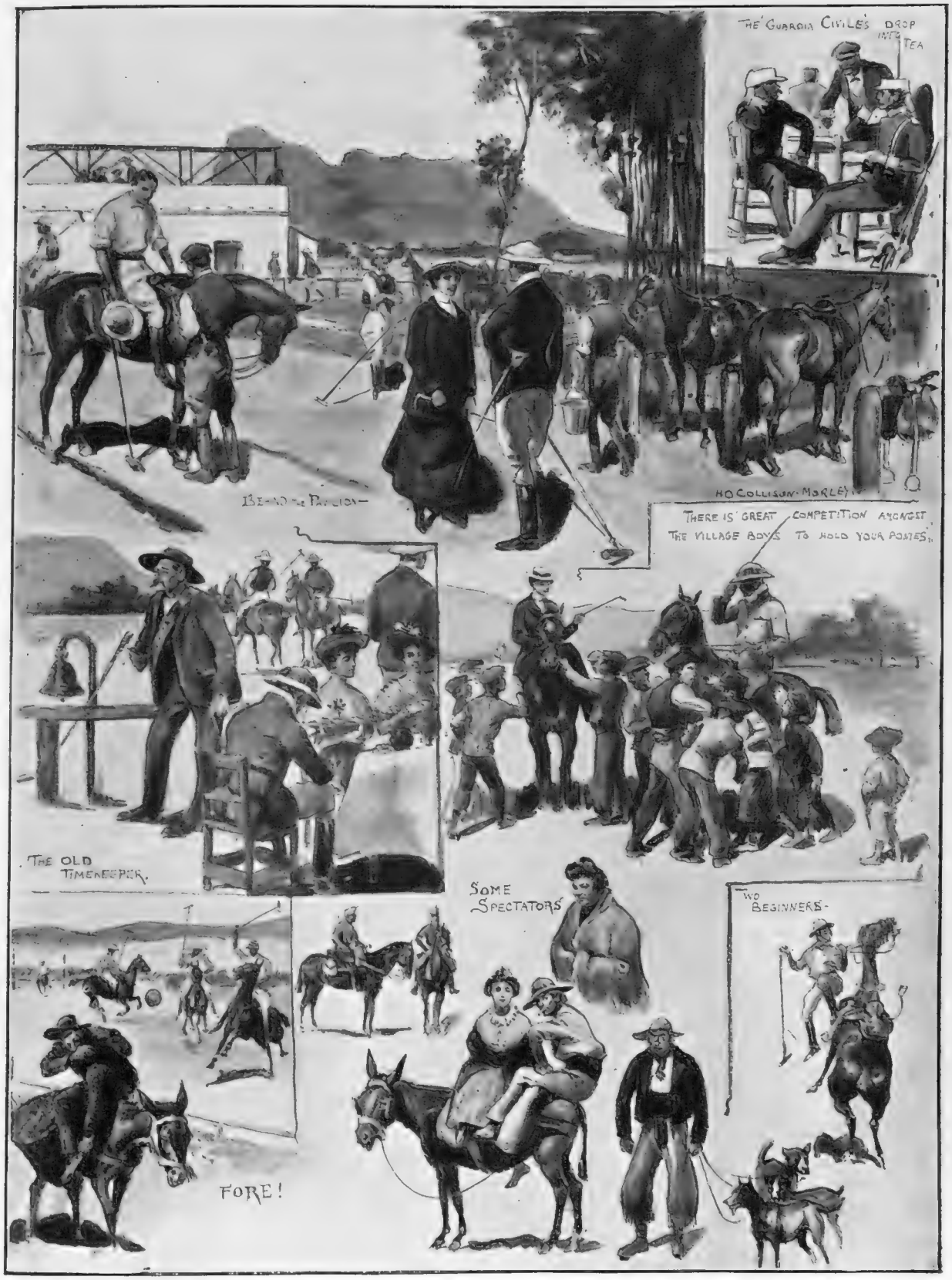
"Wake stummick?" queried the other sympathetically. "Indigestion, I shouldn't wonder. Well, 'tis a sore burden. There's a man in our locality that's plagued something cruel that way, and he's in your line o' business, too. He's a local praicher up to Bible Christian chapel, William Robbins is, and do love hot potato cake better 'n hot potato cake do love *he*. So sure as he do but offer to put a mossel 'pon his tongue, his stummick do rise up and rage. But William don't pay no attention, not he; he'd scorn to be a slave to his organs, William would. Sure as Sunday do come round, there's the hot potato cake smoking 'pon William's table, and there's William pitching and haiving away to en like a thrashing machine. 'Mortifying the flesh,' he do call it, being a spiritual man, as I said. And when he've got to deliver a discoorse, then 'tis double allowance, and the worse the indigestion do take him, the better 'a do praich. 'Suffering's good for the sowl,' says William, shovelling away. 'There's nothing do put a man under conviction quicker 'n a grievous pain inside,' says he. 'Speaking in parables, 'tis the cup o' water that do start the pump,' says William, and I shouldn' wonder but what he's right. You take my advice, mister, and make a good stiff tay; your discoorse won't suffer by en, I promise 'e. Mortify the flesh, mister, according to what William do say, and when you come to mount up in the pulpit you'll find your spirit 'll soar like a say-gull."

A cup was passed to the distracted Archdeacon; absently he took it, and mechanically he began to stir its contents. The manner of the stranger changed.

"Excuse *me*, mister," he said, politely stern. "I allow 'tis tejous having to wait the time they keep 'e here. But that an't no excuse for trying to come in out o' your proper turn. If you look inside o' that saucer, you'll find two plummy stones. I put 'em there myself. That there cup o' tay 's *my* cup o' tay, and I'll trouble 'e to hand it over, *if* you'll be so kind."

So saying, and paying no heed to the Archdeacon's babbled apologies, he seized the cup in one hand and a slice of cake in the other, and relapsed into busy silence. The spell was lifted from the room; cups clattered again, and plates of eatables revolved once more in their orbits. The Archdeacon drew a breath, passed his hand over his forehead, turned to the Rector's wife, and chirruped a brisk inquiry about Mothers' Meetings.

POLO IN SPAIN



DRAWN BY *H. D. COLLISON-MORLEY*

Sketches near Gibraltar on the Garrison Polo Ground

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"A Modern Legionary." The reminiscences of a young Irishman in the Foreign Legion of the French Army. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives, 1801-1815." By John Goldworth Alger, author of the "New Paris Sketch Book," etc. (Constable.)

"Manchu and Muscovite." By H. B. Weale. An important book on Russia's position in Manchuria, by an English resident who has access to Chinese official information on the subject. (Macmillan: 10*s.* net)

NEW FICTION

"The O'Ruddy." By Stephen Crane and Robert Barr. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Heron's Tower." By Emily Gerard. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"The Challoners." By E. F. Benson. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

Maeterlinck's New Essays

"The Double Garden." By Maurice Maeterlinck. (George Allen: 5*s.*)

The translation of this collection, by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, may be considered a substantial gift to English literature, for the transfer into our language is so admirably done as to suggest the refinement and distinction of the work of M. Maeterlinck in every sentence, and yet never to hint that it is a translation at all. The author of "The Life of the Bee," and the "Treasure of the Humble" is already endeared to English readers. "The Double Garden" will make his place even more assured on the shelves of the cultured man of catholic tastes.

Whether he writes of the significance of the crisis in the life of Edward VII. in June, 1902, under the title of "Death and the Crown"; or of the "News of Spring"; or tells of "Old-Fashioned Flowers," or the impressions he gains from a "Motor-Car," or gives us his view of Monte Carlo; or writes upon "Sincerity" or gives us his luminous essay on "The Death of a Little Dog'; in all these diverse affairs he is always individual, engaging, philosophic, attractive, and sympathetic. His views are not, of course, the old views; he is the pioneer of larger hopes, the entranced student of a myriad mysteries in this book as in all his works. That we are "but a grain in the proportion of substance and but the turning of a wimble in respect of time." is as true to him as to antiquity, but his endeavour to realise the meaning of life makes him hopeful. His creed is here for all to see:

> We no longer believe that this world is as the apple of the eye of one God, who is alive to our slightest thoughts; but we know that it is subjected to forces quite as powerful, quite as alive to laws and duties which it behoves us to penetrate That is why our attitude in the face of the mystery of the forces has changed. It no longer demands that the slave shall kneel before the master or the creator, but permits a gaze as between equals, for we bear within ourselves the equal of the deepest and the greatest mysteries.

But if the reader does not appreciate so candid an exposition of the eternal verities, he will find the same study, veiled and graced with a thousand playful touches, in many of the other essays. "The Young Dog," for example, would delight even those whose whole interest lay in the breeding of bull-pups. Our literature does not contain a more excellent picture of our national dog than that which the author gives of his own particular puppy. He had, he says:

> A great bulging, powerful forehead, like that of Socrates or Verlaine, and, under a little black nose, blunt as a churlish assent, a pair of large hanging and symmetrical chops, which made his head a sort of massive, obstinate, pensive, and three-cornered menace. He was beautiful, after the manner of a beautiful natural monster that had complied strictly with the laws of its species. And what a smile of attentive obligingness, of incorruptible innocence, of affectionate submission, of boundless gratitude, and total self-abandonment, lit up, at the least caress, that adorable mask of ugliness! Whence exactly did that smile emanate? From the ingenuous and melting eyes? From the ears pricked up to catch the words of man? From the forehead, that unwrinkled to appreciate and love, or from the stump of a tail, that wriggled at the other end, to testify to the intimate and impassioned joy that filled his small being, happy once more to encounter the hand or the glance of the god to whom he surrendered himself?

Although this picture of the outward side of the dog is convincing enough, it is when the accomplished speculative philosopher peers within and attempts to give us the mind of the dog generally, that he most excels. Those who have studied the friend of man closely, will find delightfully new points of view, and those who have not given the matter more than a casual thought will discover that M. Maeterlinck has wrought once more a new interest into their lives. The reviewer would like to quote a dozen marked passages from this essay alone, especially the last page, but then there are so many other parts of the book that claim as much attention. "Sincerity," for instance, is a sort of poetic-philosophic lay sermon which goes to the heart of life with fine directness. "Love contains no complete and lasting happinesss save in the transparent atmosphere of perfect sincerity," is the truth which forms, as it were, the text of this paper. "The being with whom one is seeking the happiness of

sincerity," is one of the many arresting phrases. But it is a little doubtful if the world at large is able to accept the following truly agreeable conclusion:

> A movement of hatred, of selfishness, of silly vanity, of envy or disloyalty, when examined in the light of perfect sincerity, becomes nothing more than an interesting and singular flower.

But whether the reader agrees with the poet's *dicta* on life and its mysteries, we can assure him many a delightful half-hour in "The Double Garden."

The article on the "Modern Drama," translated by Mr. Sutro, is an essay in education that should not be missed by those who are dissatisfied with the present state of the stage—and we have heard that their name is legion. "The Temple of Chance," "Death and the Crown," and, in fact, all the sixteen papers, point to the fact that M. Maeterlinck is the finest essayist and the most engaging philosopher of our time. E. M.

Books to Appear Shortly

Amelia Barr, who did not begin novel-writing until she had passed her fiftieth birthday, and now has between thirty and forty books to her credit, has written two further volumes for Mr. Fisher Unwin. Like most of Mrs. Barr's books, they both have historical settings. In one of them, "The Black Shilling," the central character is Cotton Mather, a picturesque figure in the early days of New England history, and one who, at the time of the witchcraft scare, took a prominent part in the persecution of supposed traffickers with the Evil One. Hence the title of the book, the "Black Shilling" being a piece of silver given at the signing of a Satanic contract. Cotton Mather, however, has higher claims to fame than this. As a scholar, he was known on both sides of the Atlantic; he was equally distinguished as a preacher, and he created a sensation on one occasion—in the face of popular opposition, medically led—by vindicating the introduction of inoculation as a protection against small-pox.

The story of "The Liverpool School of Painters," which Mr. Murray has held over from the spring season for early publication in the autumn, should do something to rescue the old Liverpool Academy from the undeserved obscurity into which it has fallen. Hitherto, it has been neglected both by the historians of modern art and the curators of our National Galleries, though it produced some brilliant work at its best period, just after the middle of the last century. This was the period in which the Liverpool Academy, alone in all England, welcomed and supported the new "Pre-Raphaelite" movement, a support which produced a violent schism among the members and brought about the downfall of the Academy. Technically, however, it has continued down to the present day, and is only one year younger than the Royal Academy. The whole story is told in Mr. H. C. Marillier's volume, and the author has added, in the form of separate memoirs, an account of the more notable artists who belonged to the school, or were associated with it locally

Mr. T. F. Henderson, who wrote many of the memoirs in the "Dictionary of National Biography," has finished his life of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland for Messrs Goupil's sumptuous series of Royal monographs, and it will be one of the finest art publications of the coming season. James, as the first sovereign to wield the sceptres of both kingdoms, has a special interest attaching to his rule, and, although his importance has been overshadowed by the more stirring events which led to the execution of his son, he has been by no means neglected by the historians. The drawback to the majority of existing works is that since James spent the earlier part of his life in Scotland and the later half in England, he makes his appearance in these histories in a somewhat fitful manner. "Scottish historians," it is explained, "have occasion to treat only incidentally of his career as English sovereign, while English historians have no opportunity of studying intimately the development in his earlier years, and the nature of the political and ecclesiastical problem which did so much to shape his idiosyncrasy." Mr. Henderson has considered the peculiarities of the King's surroundings from his cradle to his grave, and also the political and ecclesiastical atmosphere of both countries.

Mr. Louis Becke, whose first volume of stories, "By Reef and Palm," was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin just ten years ago, has collected another series of tales for the same publisher. Six of them relate to the author's own experiences, and nearly all deal with the romantic islands of the Southern Seas, among which Mr. Becke spent so many years as a trader and supercargo. One of the longer tales, "Ayesse of Manga Reva," gives its title to the volume.

Mr. Davenport Adams's "Dictionary of the Drama," which Messrs. Chatto and Windus have in preparation, will be in two volumes, and its object is not so much to record the stage history of the present year—though as far as possible it will be up-to-date—as to form a guide to the history of the theatre, both in the United Kingdom and the United States, from the earliest times onwards. Special pains have been taken with the stage history of Shakespeare's plays, and of the other classics of our dramatic literature, and foreign authors have been introduced where they have become known to the English and American public through translations or adaptations of their works. Players, as well as playwrights, will, of course, be included; so will theatrical managers, musical composers, and the leading scene painters, while, side by side with the historians and biographers, will be found the pamphleteers and satirists in prose and verse. Even the critics are included.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

If, as seems very likely, the next Parliament is to be remarkable for a considerable accession of literary men to the House of Commons, it is to be hoped that, when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, Mr. Anthony Hope, and, possibly, Mr. J. M. Barrie, get there, they will not allow their parliamentary duties to encroach unduly upon their literary activities. Sir Gilbert Parker has indeed contrived to make himself a most useful Parliamentarian since he entered the House four years ago, and he is too sincere a literary artist to neglect his beloved craft of letters for the dustier affairs of public life. But, reviewing his tale of work before and after entering Parliament, I am left with the uneasy suspicion that he is perhaps giving to politics just a little more of his energy than his literary admirers care to see directed into that channel. During seven years, before he became member for Gravesend, he produced eight novels, of which several were works of real distinction: "The Trail of the Sword, "When Valmond came to Pontiac," "The Seats of the Mighty," and "The Battle of the Strong," being among the number. Since 1900 he has given us only one other novel, though perhaps his masterpiece, "The Right of Way," which appeared in 1901. Of course, if the vulgar idea that a man only writes to make money contained more than a grain of truth, there would be no reason why Sir Gilbert should ever put pen to paper again in a literary way, as he is one of the most happily circumstanced of contemporary novelists, to most of whom the splendours of Carlton House Terrace can be enjoyed in adventures of the imagination only. But Sir Gilbert has been exercising his pen in journalism and literature since he was twenty-four years of age, when he became associate-editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Born in Canada forty-two years ago, there are few members of Parliament with so intimate a knowledge of our Colonies, and while he has put this to excellent use politically, as well as in his delightful books, I wish to give him a pretty broad hint that I may not be the only one who thinks his occasional articles on political questions are somewhat dearly bought if they are to displace such admirable short stories and brilliant novels as used to flow from his pen.

Photo by **Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.** [*Kate Pragnell*

One of our foremost novelists, who finds time to take Parliamentary duties seriously

Éditions de Luxe

It is doubtful if the general public ever gives a thought to the cost of producing an *édition de luxe* of a standard author. In recent years, several notable undertakings of this kind have been carried through, as, for examples, the "Edinburgh" Stevenson and the great edition of Ruskin, now in course of publication by Mr. George Allen. A good deal has been written about the expenditure on these noble specimens of book-making, and we are so accustomed to suppose that, in our go-ahead times, publishers carry out their schemes in a princely style not possible twenty or thirty years ago, that I am tempted to make a note of the cost of producing the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray, about a quarter of a century ago. Close on £20,000 was expended in preparing the complete edition of a thousand copies, and, as the illustrations were printed from plates already in existence, the cost was at least £10,000 less than it would have been if new plates had been made. A curious feature of the edition was the provision whereby booksellers were left to fix their own price in retailing it to the public, while the publishers reserved the right to raise the charge to the trade as the stock lessened. In a very short time after publication they had raised it by fifty per cent. of the original price. There are few businesses in which greater capital is required than the publishing of expensive books. I remember Mr. George Allen telling me that, if he had cared to use an inferior paper to that on which his splendid edition of Ruskin is being printed, and still to have given a very high quality, he could have effected a

saving of £2,000 on that item alone. I doubt if there is any other craft in which a producer would deliberately let slip so large a sum of money merely because he had determined to provide an article of excellence.

Self in Fiction

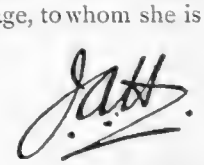
The announcement that a new story, upon which Mrs. Craigie is at present engaged, will prove to be a return to the manner of "The School for Saints," is welcome news, as the later books by this brilliant novelist have shown an irritating tendency to literary pyrotechnics, and both in drama and character have fallen away considerably from her earlier work. The period of this new story is the later part of the eighteenth century, with Napoleon and Warren Hastings for two of the characters. I once heard Mrs. Craigie state in the course of a speech—and a charming speech it was—at a literary gathering, that she endeavoured always to keep her own personality out of her writings; she claimed to be vigilant lest some of her own emotions should creep into her stories! To my mind, this is a false view of art; but I can well conceive it to be the means whereby so coldly clever a book as "Love and the Soul-hunters," her most recent novel, might be produced. Surely she was not so austerely impersonal in "Some Emotions and a Moral," and certainly not in her second book, "The Sinner's Comedy," which, although I read it with a mass of others when it appeared twelve years ago and have never seen it since, remains fresh and vivid in my mind by reason of its intensely human qualities, not less than the perfect economy of art with which the story is told. I shall venture to assert that Mrs. Craigie had not then set up this false standard of art to which she would have us believe it is now her object to attain. All good books, and nearly all great books, are, consciously or unconsciously, expressions of their authors' personality, and, indeed, it is no easy matter to believe that any writer can, by taking thought, exclude his own individuality from his work, unless it be a treatise on engineering or some applied science. Several of Mrs. Craigie's later books have been peopled with mere puppets, invented only for the exchange of epigrams, and that is certainly not the way to write worthy works of fiction.

"John Oliver Hobbes"

Mrs. Craigie's literary career has been one of unusual interest, just as she herself is a lady of no ordinary personality. Born at Boston, U.S.A., in November, 1867, she is the eldest daughter of Mr. John Morgan Richards, an American gentleman long domiciled in London, where he has important business interests, and her girlhood in England came to an end with a romantic marriage at the age of nineteen—a marriage, like so many romantic unions, that did not turn out a success. Her lifelong passion seems to have been for the stage, and, as a girl-amateur, she gave evidence of histrionic ability which might well have won her a foremost place on the stage if she had chosen to interpret rather than to create the characters of drama. Her studies, too, were chiefly in dramatic literature, and to this, no doubt, she owes her command of crisp and fluent dialogue, so noteworthy a feature of her books. She began writing at the age of eighteen, but it was six years before she found a publisher, as "Some Emotions and a Moral" had to suffer rejection at the hands of the usual purblind publishers ere one with the discerning eye ventured to launch "John Oliver Hobbes" into fame. Although Mrs. Craigie is a lady of wealth, with luxurious houses in London and the Isle of Wight, authorship is not entirely to be thanked for this. But to her many brilliant qualities she is reputed to add an excellent business capacity, and few of our lady novelists have done better than she in the literary market-place. She is a familiar figure in Society, and, being very methodical in her work, her writing is really a sort of lucrative pastime. Mrs. Craigie has one son, just fourteen years of age, to whom she is devoted; and she has proved her independence of mind by entering the Roman Catholic Church; her father is prominently identified with the City Temple.

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

"John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie)



SOLUTIONS AND PRIZEWINNERS OF OUR EIGHTH FORTNIGHTLY COMPETITION

There are two solutions to the play of this hand because there are two good four suits of about equal value. Some of the best competitors saw this, and mentioned it in their notes; but evidently, in the lassitude induced by the unusual and astounding fineness of June, they were unequal to working both solutions out at length.

SOLUTION I.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♡ K	♡ 3	♡ 2	♡ A
2	♣ 4	♣ 3	♣ K	♣ Q
3	♦ 6	♦ 4	♦ Q	♦ K
4	♠ A	♠ 6	♠ 4	♠ 3
5	♦ 8	♦ 5	♦ 10	♦ A
6	♠ 8	♠ K	♠ Q	♠ 2
7	♣ A	♣ 5	♣ 8	♣ 9
8	♠ J	♠ 7	♠ 5	♡ 6
9	♠ 10	♠ 9	♡ 4	♣ 2
10	♡ Q	♡ 5	♣ 10	♣ 6
11	♡ 10	♡ J	♦ 2	♦ 9
12	♡ 9	♡ 8	♦ 3	♦ 9
13	♣ 7	♡ 7	♦ J	♣ J

RESULT.
Y Z win 7 Tricks.
A B win 6 Tricks.

A, having nearly an ace above the average hand, declares No-Trumps.

Trick 1.—Y has a choice of two leads, and there is very little to choose between them. He may lead the king of hearts, or the knave of spades. A number of competitors disappointed me by leading some spades 8, some hearts 9. The proper lead from both of these suits is given in the code of leads published in our issue of April 20.

Trick 2.—A, whose only hope is clubs, may set about establishing them by leading the queen, or he may lead a spade in the hope of Y's passing it, winning with B's king, and leading clubs through Z. Y does not pass it.

Trick 3.—Y sets about clearing out A's re-entry cards in diamonds.

Trick 4.—Y must put on spade ace and clear out the ace of diamonds, or A does establish his clubs.

Trick 6.—Y throws queen of spades to unblock.

SOLUTION II.

Tricks	Y	B	Z	A
1	♠ J	♠ K	♠ 4	♠ 2
2	♣ 4	♣ 5	♣ K	♣ 2
3	♡ 9	♡ 3	♡ 4	♡ A
4	♣ A	♣ 3	♣ 8	♣ Q
5	♠ 8	♠ 6	♠ Q	♠ 3
6	♠ 10	♠ 7	♠ 5	♡ 6
7	♠ A	♠ 9	♣ 10	♦ 7
8	♡ K	♡ 5	♡ 2	♦ 9
9	♡ Q	♡ 7	♦ 2	♦ 6
10				♦ K
11				♦ A
12				♣ J
13				♣ 9

RESULT
Y Z win 7 tricks.
A B win 6 tricks.

Trick 2.—Y wins the trick with Z's king of clubs, in order to put a heart through A at once.

Trick 3.—A gains nothing by holding up his ace of hearts.

The First Prize of **£3 3 0** is awarded to:
Miss E. SCHREIBER, Bognor, Sussex.

Miss Schreiber ends her notes on her solution of the play with an admirable aphorism, which I would recommend to the attention of my readers:

"Post-mortem examinations are of more interest than value."

The Second Prize of **£2 2 0** is awarded to:
G. H. SAVAGE, Esq., Matfield Grange, Kent.

The Third Prize of **£1 1 0** is awarded to:
Mrs. R. HELY HUTCHINSON, Falmouth House, Cargate Avenue, Aldershot.

Seven further prizes of Two Packs of the charming BYSTANDER Playing Cards, in box, are awarded to:
Miss T. W. Powell, Leigh, Worcester.
Miss E. M. Fenwick, 37, Percy Gardens, Tynemouth.
Inspector-General H. Hadlow, R.N., Winton, Southsea.
Lieutenant-Colonel B. Lowsley, Linnholm, The Thicket, Southsea.
Arthur E. Curry, Esq., 57, Plymouth Grove, Manchester.
A. S. Everett, Esq., Olton.
E. G. Stocker, Esq., Clevedon, Somerset.

"PROBLEMATICUS."

"Of all sad words," etc.

"What do you call this, waiter?"

"It's bean soup, sir,"

"I don't want to know what it's been. I want to know what it is now."

COMIC SPORTS: JACK TAR AND TOMMY ATKINS

Naval Depot Sports

Jack Tar's masquerade as a mounted trooper recalls the "live" animals in a pantomime

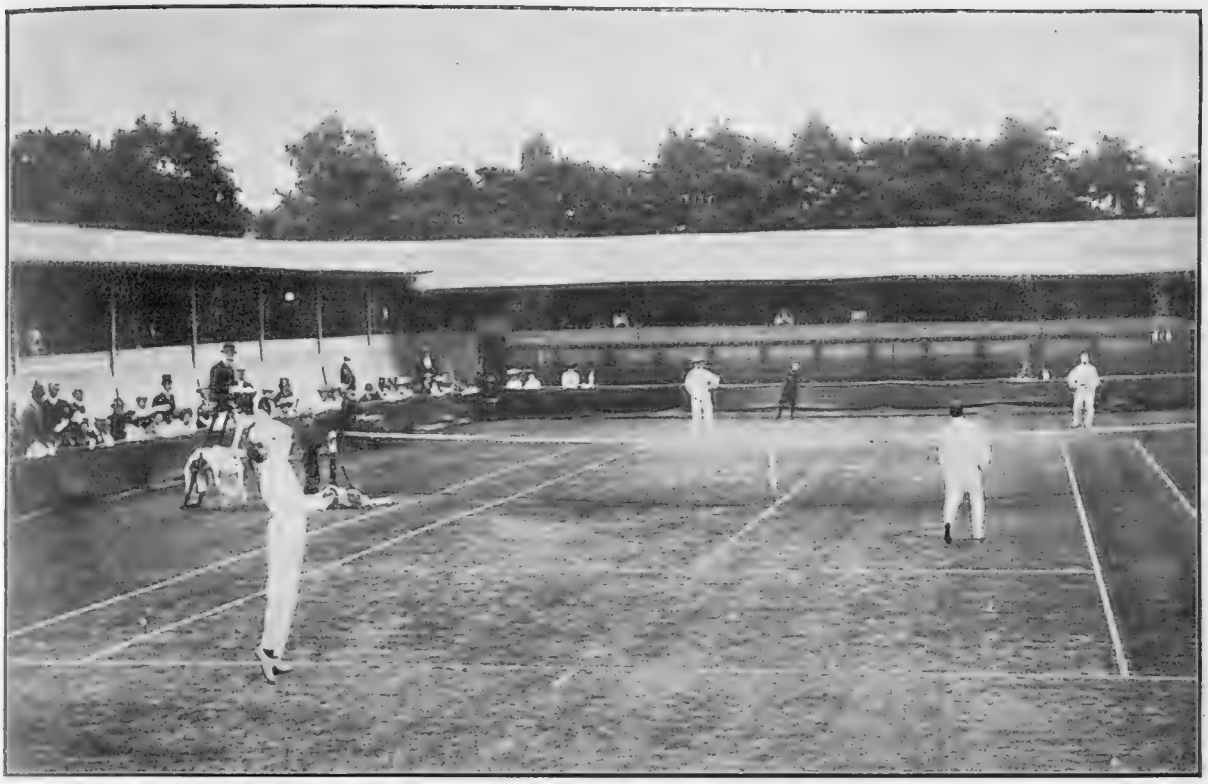
Photos by *Cribb*

United Services Sports

Royal Marine Artillerymen in the guise of Dervishes

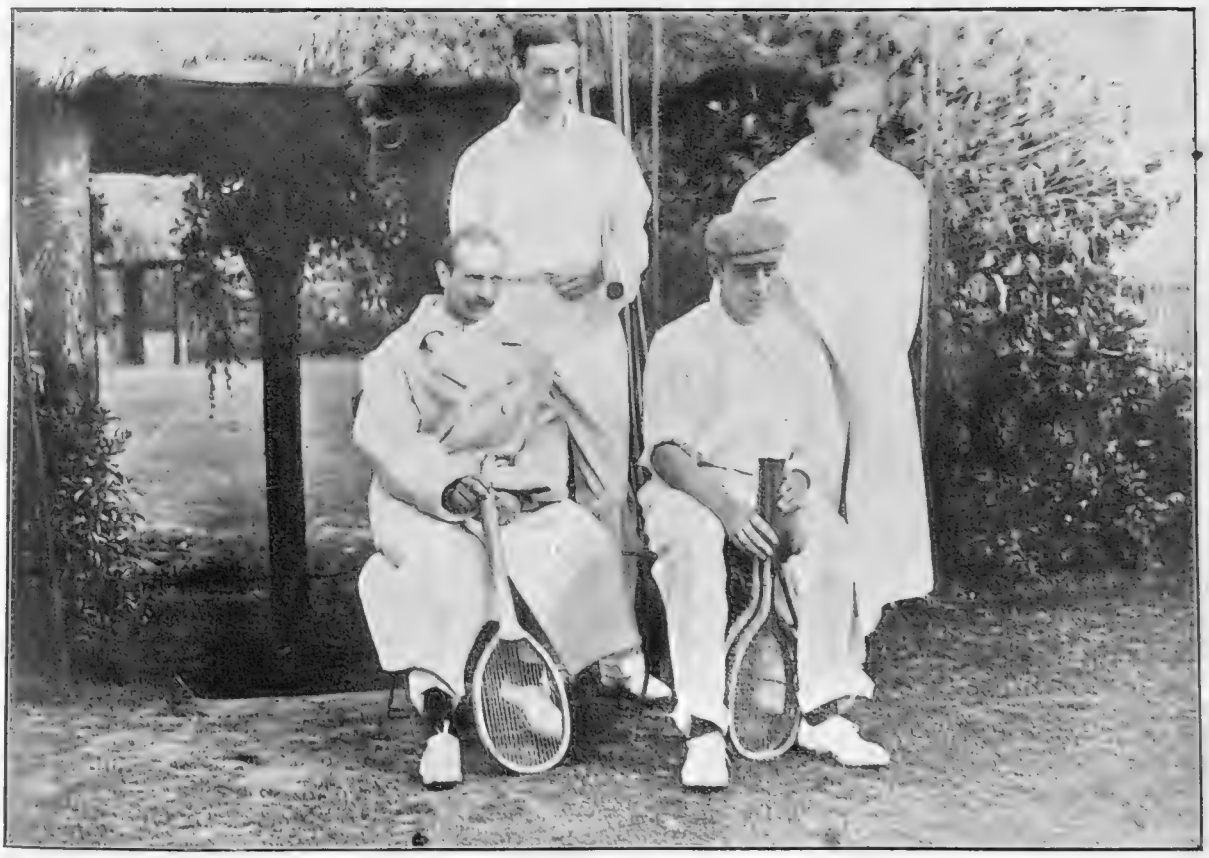
LAWN TENNIS: INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON

BRITISH ISLES DEFEAT BELGIUM BY FIVE MATCHES TO NONE



The Doubles

The Dohertys playing on the near court



The Doubles

STANDING (left to right): R. F. Doherty, H. L. Doherty
SITTING: W. Lemaire, P. de Borman

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

An Ingenious Printer's Error

In the article about the Sandwich course which appeared on June 29, I am made, by one of those wonderful fits of perverse ingenuity of which printers alone have the secret, to talk of "shut" holes, instead of "short" holes as intended by me. I take it that most readers acquainted with the Sandwich links knew what I meant. On reflection, however, I am not sure whether that printer was erring from ignorance or from malice prepense. I begin to think that he must know a good deal about golfers and their many sins of omission and commission in the matter of putting during a round. Personally, during my stay at Sandwich, I found most of the holes were undoubtedly "shut" for me, and I have reason to suppose, judging by the universal wailing and gnashing of teeth indulged in by defeated competitors, that many others found the holes more "shut" than open. Talk of the "open door" in China, that question pales into insignificance beside the grave problem of the "shut" hole at golf.

Photo by *The International Press Agency*

"Old" Vardon—the father of Tom and Harry Vardon—playing on the Jersey Links

The Art of Putting

So the printer's error brought into my mind a train of thought bearing on the question of putting, a part of the game which Mr. Travis's victory has brought into greater prominence than it has enjoyed for many years. Willie Park is credited with the dictum that the man who can putt is a match for anyone, and on the strength of this saying, and of the magnificent putting of Park himself, many thousands of the "dog-leg" putters invented by him found their way into the hands of golfers anxious to convert themselves into a "match for anyone." Golfers are very like sheep. I have only to look through my armoury of old clubs, more particularly putters, to see how sheep-like I have been, for I find, among my putters, weapons of every variety and shape. Here is a wooden putter, made on the pattern of an old Philp putter, there, one made of ebony with no horn sole; here, a very broad-bladed iron instrument, there, a very thin one, like a doll's flat iron; every variety and style, including the Mills aluminium sort and the Travis shape, confront me, and remind me of the successive stages of imitative sheepdom that I have gone through. Most of them, alas, also remind me that they were bought during a fit of despair, when holes remained obstinately shut against my best endeavours, and when the insidious remark, "Have you seen Johnny So-and-So putting with that new thing," fell upon eager ears and caused me, after the day's golf, to sneak round to the shop where one of the new-fangled toys could be bought. Just as one can usually tell what part of the game a golfer is playing badly by watching what club he takes out with him for a solitary practice in a secluded portion of the links, so if one could follow golfers into the various shops they frequent, one could deduce from their purchases the weak and strong parts of their game. Personally, I have suffered from weakness, more or less pronounced, in all parts of my game, and the appallingly large collection of clubs which I keep hidden away in decent obscurity bears eloquent testimony to the various stages of tribulation through which I have passed. These clubs, in my case (and I doubt not that many other unhappy golfers have similar

collections of silent witnesses to past misfortunes), have been, in a sense, the stepping stones from dead golfing selves to higher things. Some day, if I can summon up the courage, *renovare dolorem*, I will endeavour to recall the horrible period during which a mashie, or any lofting iron became a positive instrument of torture to me, on account of the fell ravages of that accursed disease known, alas, too well by many golfers beside myself, as "hitting off the shank or hose" of the club. The very remembrance of that dreadful period brings the sweat to my brow, and, for the present, I hurry from the subject, and turn back to my original theme, the shortcomings inherent in the golfer's putting nature.

"Always Up Often In"

Among many lessons which Mr. Travis's performance taught us is the invaluable one that on the putting green the man who is always up is very often in. Hitherto the saying was couched in a negative form, to the effect that he who was never up was never in. But the saying had not yet been converted into the positive assertion that he who is up may often be in. The invaluable truth was driven home into the convictions of several miserable victims with unerring force and precision by Mr. Travis during the late tournament. The result of his extraordinary putting was that everyone bought a Schenectady putter, regardless of the fact that it was the man and his methods that brought about the result, not the instrument. Mr. Travis had found out what all of us know and so few of us practise—that a putt that runs a few feet past the hole has had the chance of going in, and leaves a stroke back that is far more often holed than the putt that has gone short, and leaves the vexed golfer with another short putt, which, as often as not, he misses. Have you not found, dear reader, that the putt that has gone beyond the hole leaves you with one that you hole far more often than the one where you have been short? There must be some inner satisfaction in having given the ball a chance, which produces that confidence for the next stroke so necessary for accurate putting.

The Finish or Follow-through, as Exemplified by Mr. Travis

Now, this part of Mr. Travis's game depends just as much as the other parts for its excellence on the magnificent finish of his stroke. In every stroke, whether it be driving, brassy strokes, iron, mashie, or putter, the club follows right through. It is only by this true finish, or follow-through, that the ball gets that smooth run which makes for successful putting. It is even more requisite with the lively Haskell ball than with the old gutty. The old ball could be chipped or jerked, but the rubber core does not admit of that faulty method. Therefore, my friends, let us lay the American lesson to heart, and endeavour to extract from our late defeat the great truth that the most important part of the stroke comes after the club has struck the ball. Therein lies the secret of Mr. Travis's success, just as did the older success of the late Dr. Allan, and of Mr. P. C. Anderson, both of whom created the same surprise and gave rise to the same amount of nonsensical chatter as Mr. Travis has done. I do not think sufficient credit has been given to the remarkable abilities as a golfer displayed by Mr. Travis. It will be much better for our golf to study the secret of his success than to decry his merits as a player. Finally, I do not think it is quite playing the game to talk of his success, as one eminent golfing writer has done, as a "slight travesty of justice"; it would be quite open to the other side to retort that this was rather a low style of writing. It is surely more dignified, and more to our credit, to recognise the great qualities of the victor, than to go about questioning his claim to the rank of a first-class golfer. If he is not in the first class, then all I can say is, that it is all the more to the discredit of our great men that they should have allowed such a player to beat the pick of them.

Ernest Lehmann

Drawn by *Leo Munro*

The Missed Putt—A Golfing Agony

Our Motoring Editor will be very pleased at any time to examine, and impartially report upon, any new inventions of a practical and useful nature in motor-car fittings or accessories which may be desired to be brought to the notice of our readers, and also to give advice as to the purchase of new or second-hand cars.

The advice given in these pages will be, it need perhaps hardly be mentioned, absolutely unbiased. The Motoring Editor is in a position of complete independence, and has no connection, in however remote a degree, with any firm of motor manufacturers.

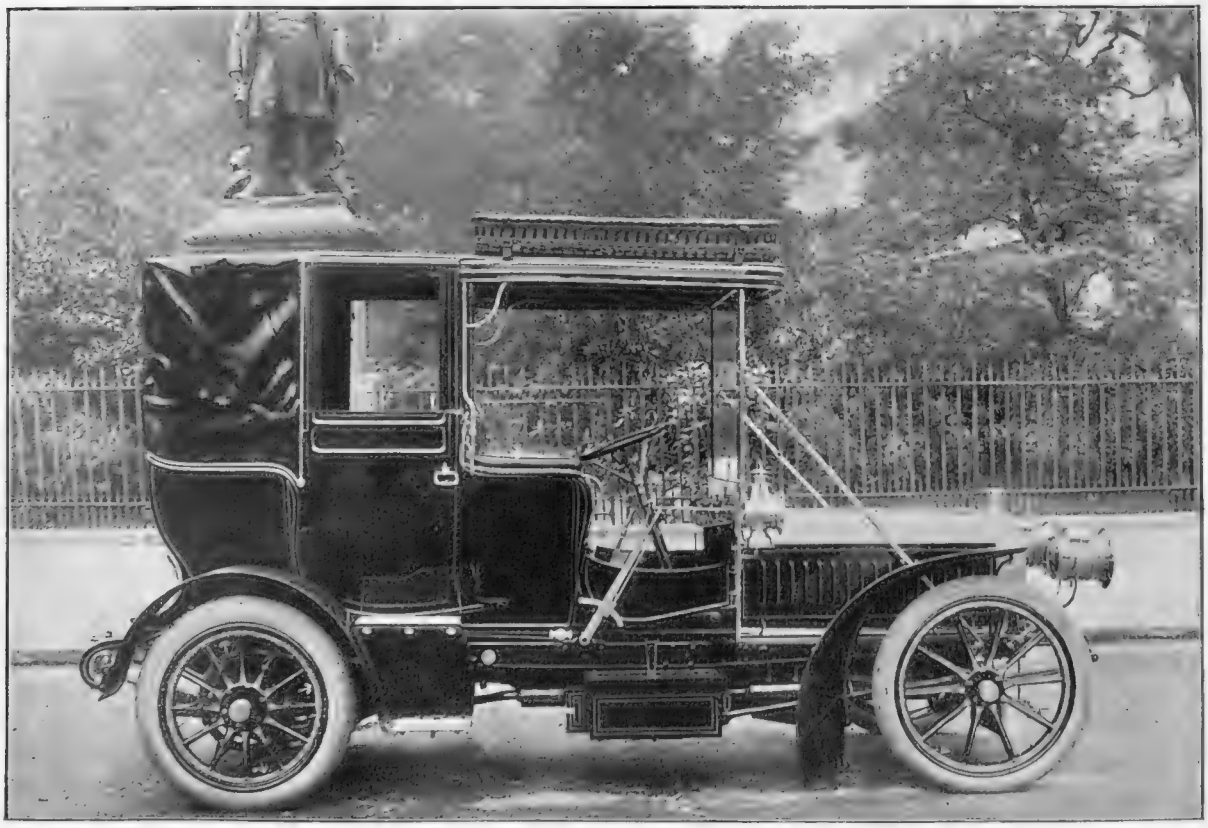
Special arrangements have been made to set apart a portion of our advertising space for the insertion of particulars of vehicles for disposal, belonging to private owners, at reduced rates.

Deductions from the Race

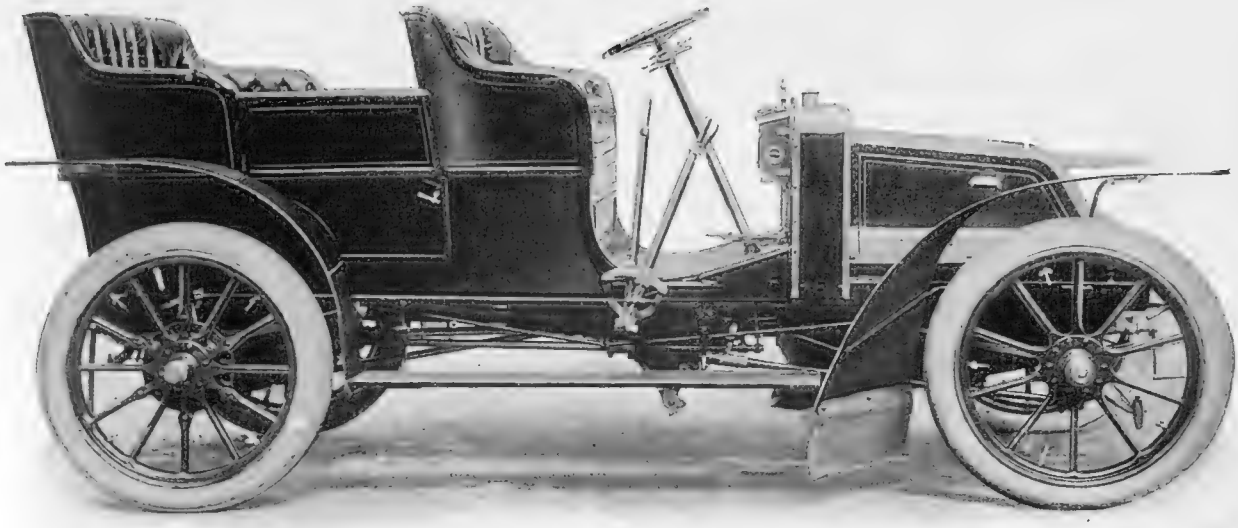
In considering the matter from a rational standpoint, one is irresistibly driven to the conclusion that this craze for road-racing on automobiles has now arrived at such a pitch that considerable odium is thereby being cast on the whole movement. It introduces into the driving of motor-cars the *idea* that speed is the great desideratum, whereas, in reality, it is nothing of the sort. *Because* the professional scorchers are, at times, especially permitted to execute sensational trick performances on the public highways, merely in order to advertise machines which they wish to sell, and for no other purpose, *therefore* the great stupid public is hocussed into the belief that the makers of such monstrosities are the people, and the only people to provide them with practical touring vehicles. As a result, the buyer has to pay a much higher price than he need, as the manufacturer naturally desires to get back from someone the huge sums he spends on racing, and to this end these simpletons eagerly contribute. The newspapers, and even the very air, is full of contemptible flapdoodle concerning freak vehicles, which are of no real use to any mortal man. The moderate man in the street, who has money in the bank, pines in vain for a sensible car.

If Racing were Abolished

Supposing that there should be a reversion to common sense. Thousands of people now not only holding aloof from but absolutely averse to the movement would be converted, and spend their money by becoming owners. There



Two-seated Landaulette on a Six-cylinder 30-h.p. Napier Chassis



The Renault 14-h.p. Light Car

being no example set by these loudly boomed racing *chauffeurs*, no one would need to emulate them. People would act as sensibly on motor-cars as they now do on bicycles. Mr. Claud Johnson suggests that the next race should be held on the lines of giving each competitor so much motor spirit, and seeing who could get the farthest on it. This is common sense with a vengeance, but some of the big manufacturers do not seem greatly interested in common sense just at the present.

The Latest French Car

The Rénault cars have been so long before the public that some details of the latest production of this celebrated firm may be found to be of interest. A summary of the latest alterations is as follows: To the ordinary battery and coil ignition has been adjoined a Simms-Bosch magneto ignition, using the same wires and plugs. A cleverly contrived device permits of the engine being started on the coil, and then the magneto can be switched on. In case of emergency the driver can always fall back on the former system of ignition, a fact which is of no little comfort to tourists. The chassis itself is still manufactured of steel tubing, and an extra lock has been allowed for the wheels. The four-cylinder Rénault is built in three lengths: 1. The standard touring chassis, allowing 2 metres for body building purposes. 2. The semi-long chassis, 2m.20, affording a side entrance. 3. The extra long chassis, 2.m.40. The two long chassis are fitted with a back spring, connected by links with the two rear side springs. There are three speeds and reverse by one lever on side of car, two powerful double-acting brakes, Michelin tyres on wheels, 870 by 90. The top speed is about 45 m.p.h.

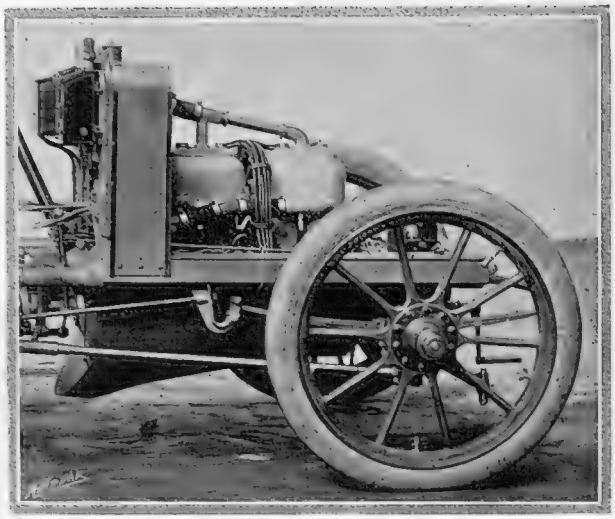
A New Cooling Device

As they were the inventors of the first practical form of live axle transmission, the firm of Rénault Frères are also the first to present their patrons with an altogether new and thoroughly efficient system of cooling The thermo-syphon water circulation has been retained, but the lateral radiators, which, although they could be swung on the side, were more or less in the way to the internals, have been replaced by radiators on the dashboard. The bonnet and an underneath metallic cover enclose the motor in such a manner as to make an air-tight chamber. Only a small angle of the gilled tubes is left on each side of the bonnet in contact with the outside air. As soon as the motor is running, a vacuum is created inside the bonnet by a fan fitted on the fly wheel, to be immediately filled up by fresh air entering through the radiators. This air, after crossing the gills, occupies a free space left on purpose between them and the dashboard, and thence passing a second time through them, cools the cylinders, and is finally drawn out through the flywheel, while a fresh supply takes its place. It is obvious that the faster the engine runs the more violent the current of air is. This system has been tested by Mr. Louis Rénault on the roughest of Spanish rough roads, under a scorching sun, and has proved efficient to such an extent that it has been impossible to bring the water to boiling point under the most trying circumstances. These vehicles, being the very latest examples of French manufacturers, are well worth seeing, and are on view at 19, Newman Street, Oxford Street.

A British-Built Car

We have often made favourable allusions to the Duryea cars in these pages, and their recent performances are in every way coming up to what was expected of them. On Thursday, June 16, two of the new British-built Duryeas carried out a record drive to Land's End. One was a 12 h.-p. doctor's phaeton, with two on board, the other a 15 h.-p. car, with three passengers and baggage. They reached Land's End before 8 p.m., within half an hour of each other, having covered 303 miles of the hilliest country in Great Britain in little over 16 hours' driving time. The phaeton left Land's End at 12.30 the next day, and, travelling by a different route, was in Coventry

again by 4.30 on Saturday, covering 667 miles in three days' driving. The other car covered 560 miles in three days, and was in Coventry again on Sunday morning, after a journey of 607 miles. Who says that the horizontal engine is no good?



The Fore-carriage of a 14 h.-p. Rénault Car, showing the Metallic Cover which encloses the motor

A Fine Scotch Car

When reporting upon the recent Crystal Palace Show in the interests of this journal, I ventured to express the opinion that the most sensible vehicle in the whole exhibition, viewed from the standpoint of the moderate man, and for ordinary country house work on give and take roads, was the Albion Car, price £400, built in Glasgow. Experience has only deepened this conviction, and having recently enjoyed the experience of a trip in this most admirable automobile, it may be interesting to revert to it for a moment. To commence with, the owner of the car in question has now had it for nine months, and has run it for rather over three thousand miles, during which period he has never put a spanner to a nut, nor has he had one single "miss fire" in the explosions, which is saying a good deal. It runs with perfect freedom from vibration, being itself rather heavy, and having long and elastic springs, and when standing still the engine makes no more noise than the Léon Bollée, or, indeed, than any of the most modern four-cylinder cars, which are practically as silent as a clock. The tyres on the driving-wheels are large Shrewsbury Challiner "cups," and on the front wheels "Connollys," all showing but little signs of wear.

Its Details

The engine is of the normal two-cylinder vertical variety, with clutch drive to gear box, having the differential on the chain shaft in a separate chamber, and for a chain driven car, there appears to be nothing very special about it, with two important exceptions, which make all the difference. The first is the magneto ignition, which, instead of being of the ordinary small type, running at extreme velocity, is, in effect, quite a large concern, forming part and parcel of the crank shaft itself, in which there appears to be nothing that can go wrong, and this is amply borne out in practice, as nothing could be "sweeter" than the firing. The other great point is the governor, of novel design, which can be set so that the engine will run at any rate desired, but when

A Two Horse-power Motor!

Our photograph, which was taken only thirty miles from Paris, shows how the horse is used as a motive force for threshing corn. The animals are placed in a sort of cart which has a movable floor, revolving with an action similar to that of the treadmill

a slight slope is encountered it automatically gives more power, with the pleasing result that for many miles the throttle is not touched at all, and a steady gait of twenty miles an hour is easily maintained.

A Promising Novelty

We are informed by the makers of the well-known Brooke Car, at Lowestoft, that they have been experimenting with the "Arthur Robinson Patent Compensated Spring Wheel" on a car of their own make, weighing over 22 cwt., on varying and hilly roads, with very satisfactory results, and they are of the opinion that "the claim of Mr. Robinson, that his wheel is the mechanical equivalent to pneumatic tyres, is more than likely to prove correct." We hope to publish a full description, with photos and drawings, of this remarkable invention in these pages very shortly.

C. J. Mathon.

The 12-14-h.p. light Brooke Car

Messrs. Brooke, whose works are at Lowestoft, have recently been experimenting satisfactorily with a new substitute for pneumatic tyres.

Answers to Correspondents

GALEN.—Your letter raises a question of very considerable interest. You cannot expect to have the absolute quietness in a small, cheap, single cylinder engine as is obtained by the use of four cylinders in one of the modern cars at £1,000, which are especially built with a view to silence. The cars you have tried are quite good; also, you are perfectly right in your assumption that the later American cars are better than the earlier examples, and, regarding the limit of price to which you are prepared to go, and particularly with reference to quietness, we would recommend the Cadillac. The 6 h.-p. Wolseley and the 6 h.-p. De Dion "Populaire" cars are most reliable, but are more audible. We have a high opinion of the Cadillac, which costs 175 guineas, which you can see at 21, Heddon Street, Regent Street. You should also see the "Keenlet" Steam Car.

A. J. F.—Do not try to economise in tyres. The best are by far the cheapest in the end. Have either Dunlops or Michelins.

S. F. EDGE.—Thanks for wire. Congratulations on your Motor Boat success.

F. SMITH.—The Daimler two-cylinder 7 h.-p. is extremely well finished, and the coach work of high quality, but it is not fast. This, however, does not seem to matter to you. It is a comfortable family carriage, and we know it well. Price, £300.

L. F.—The Martin pneumatic tyre is really excellent. It is quite unpuncturable, and we know of a set which have run 3,000 miles without being pumped at all.

AJAX.—The Simms-Bosch system of magneto-ignition is a proved success, and the first five cars in the Gordon Bennett race were fitted with it. We hope to allude, next week, to the very excellent Simms cars, all of which have this addition fitted to them.

W. B.—See our reference this week to the new 14 h.-p. Rénault. This firm have stood the test of time, and they are quite in the first rank. Go and see it.

J. H. H.—Dunhills, of Conduit Street, keep every possible manner of accessories, together with the latest ideas in motor clothing. Most motorists go to them some time or other.

HENRY G.—Sardy, Cock Lane, Snow Hill, E.C., makes all manner of motor baskets. As you say, all sorts of odds and ends find their way to the floor unless one has a basket, which is, in reality, an absolute necessity on a motor-car.

NOTICE TO MOTORISTS

Owners of motor-cars, wishing to sell them, or readers wishing to obtain new or second-hand cars, can now advertise their requirements in these pages, for which we are reserving space.

We believe that by doing this we shall be providing a long-felt want to motor lovers, as many bargains, agreeable to both parties, may thus be arranged.

The cost of these small Advertisements to our readers will be 1s. 3d. per line, with a minimum cost of five shillings. Advertisements, which must be prepaid, should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "The Bystander," Tallis Street, E.C.

THE MUSIC HALL SPORTS AT HERNE HILL

The Humorous Side of Athletics

The annual sports in aid of the Music Hall Benevolent Fund always attract a large "gate," greatly to the benefit of a most deserving institution. This year the artistes and their friends, to the number of some 6,000, trooped to the London County Grounds, Herne Hill, and if no athletic records were broken, merriment waxed fast and furious The comic relief to the serious business of running on the flat, jumping over a bar, and other items of athletic meetings, was, needless to remark, in the hands of experts. "Spot," the enchanting coon, was well to the fore, but the star comedian on the ground was Johnny Trundler, known and respected throughout the land as the Fat Boy of Peckham. Enormous enthusiasm was evoked by his contest with Little Dando and others, over whom he gained a well-merited victory in a desperate race of eighty yards. The Donkey Derby proved one of the most exciting events, although, we chronicle it with sorrow, Mr. Gus Garrick, who makes such a brave picture on "St. Amant" in our illustration, was not even placed.

To turn to some of the performances we must mention Sam Mayo, who, taking off the 5½ yard mark, did the 120 yards in the fine time of $12^{3}/_{5}$ secs. The handicapping was rather at fault in the Five-mile Bicycle Race, Bob Duncan, who was conceded 510 yds., winning by little less than 600 yds.

Miss Maudie Dunedin wins the Ladies' Walking Race

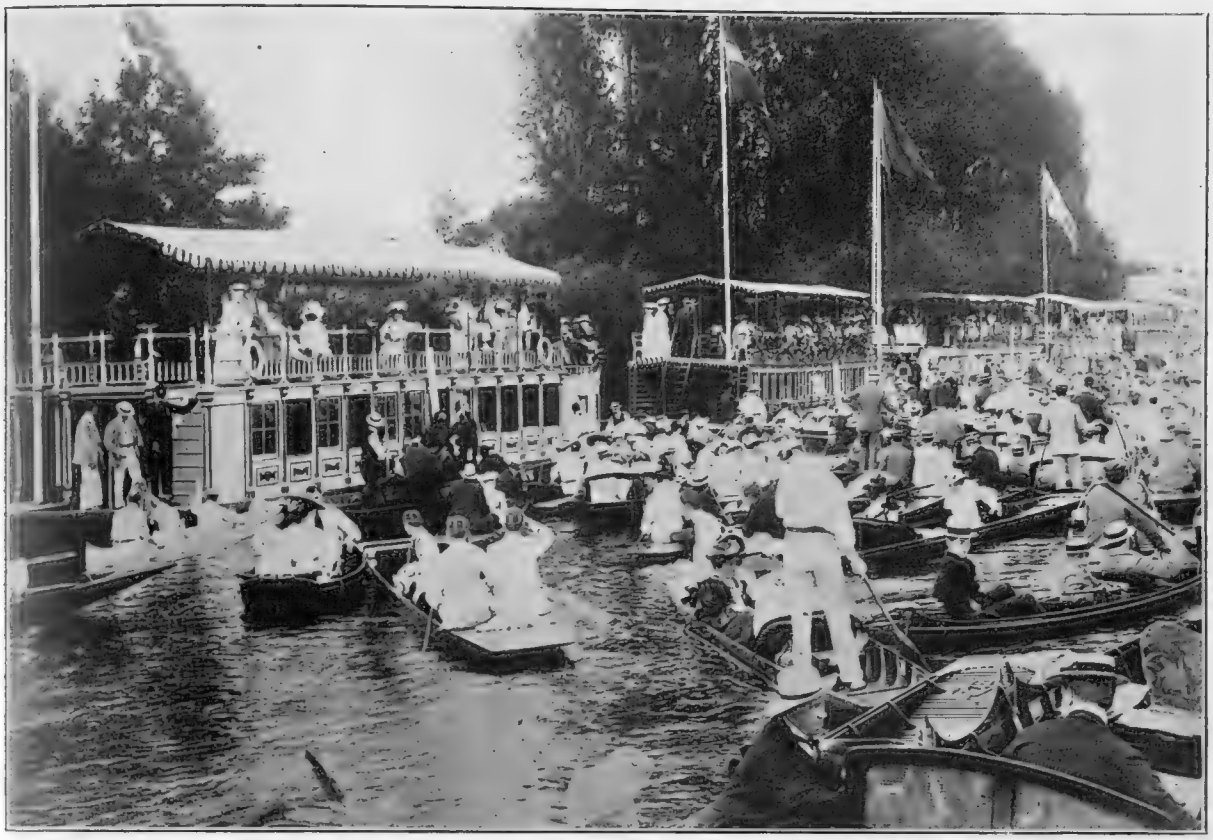
The Donkey Derby! Gus Garrick on "St. Amant"

Photo by *Clarke and Hyde*

The Triumph of the Prize of Peckham

The Peckham Fat Boy, aged six years, weight 11st 7lb. beat Little Dando, height 3ft, in an 80 yards contest at the Music Hall Sports. The time was not taken

HENLEY: THE LIGHT SIDE OF THE REGATTA



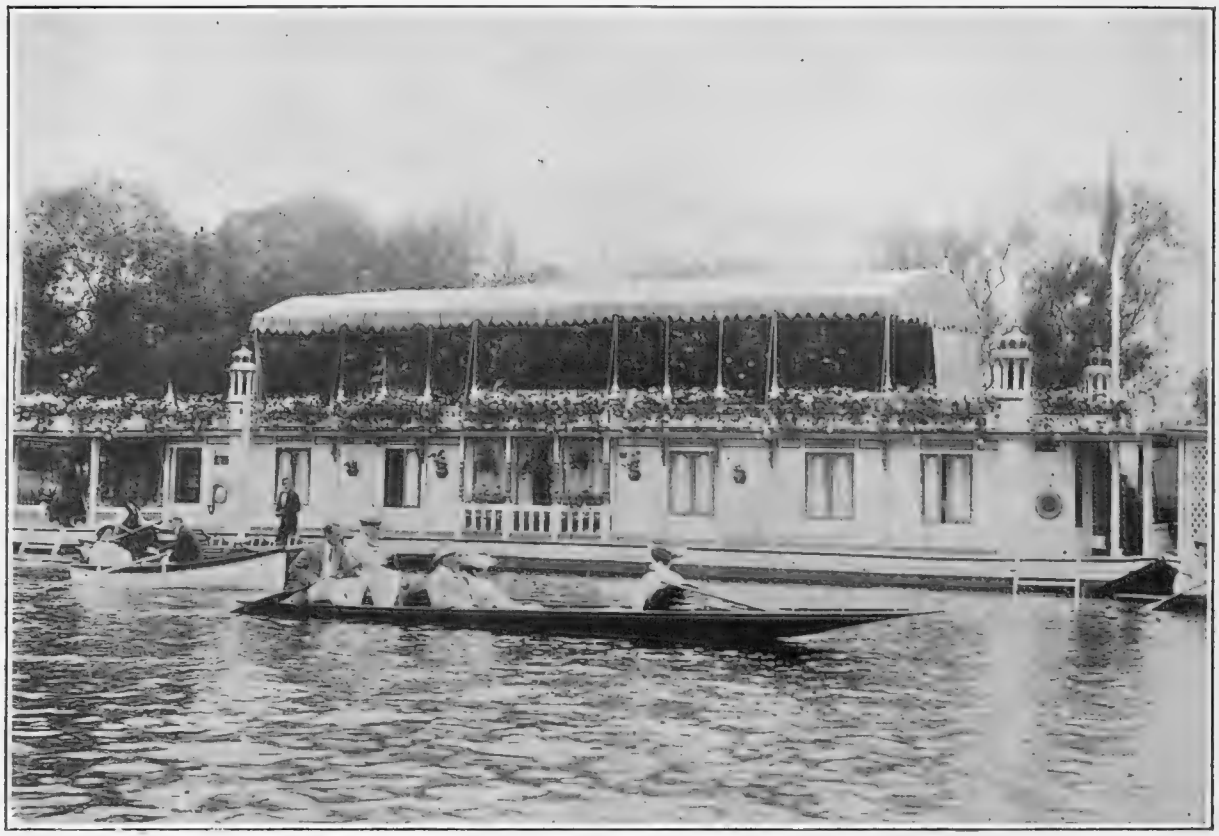
Between the Races

What with minstrels of all sorts and conditions, from niggers to Society entertainers in dominos, the hailing of friends across the bridge of boats and punts, Henley is the gayest and merriest of regattas

The crush of boats behind the boom

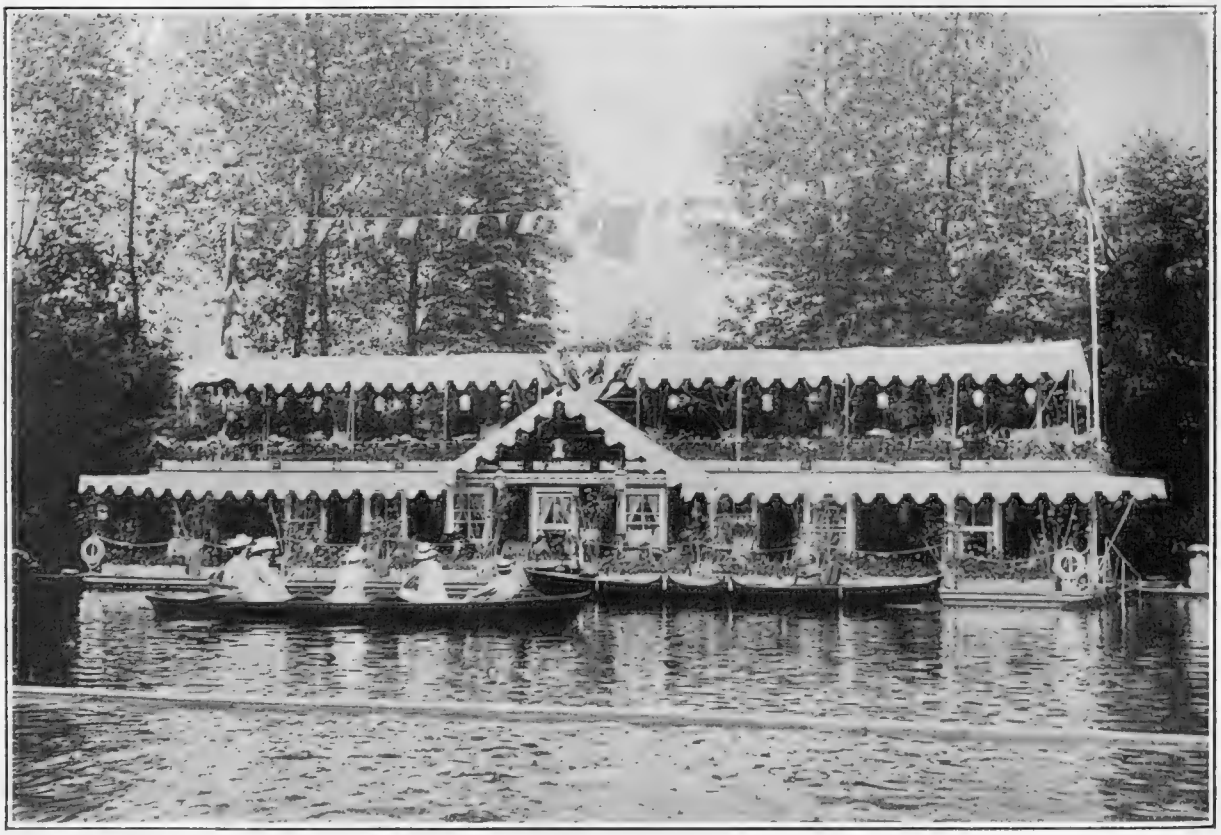
For which the attractive entertainment provided by the "Jolly Japs" was not wholly irresponsible The crush was so great that, once firmly wedged in it, it took the greater part of an hour to get free

HENLEY: THE "BYSTANDER" CUP



Mr. L. Stevens's "Cigarette," winner of the "Bystander" Cup

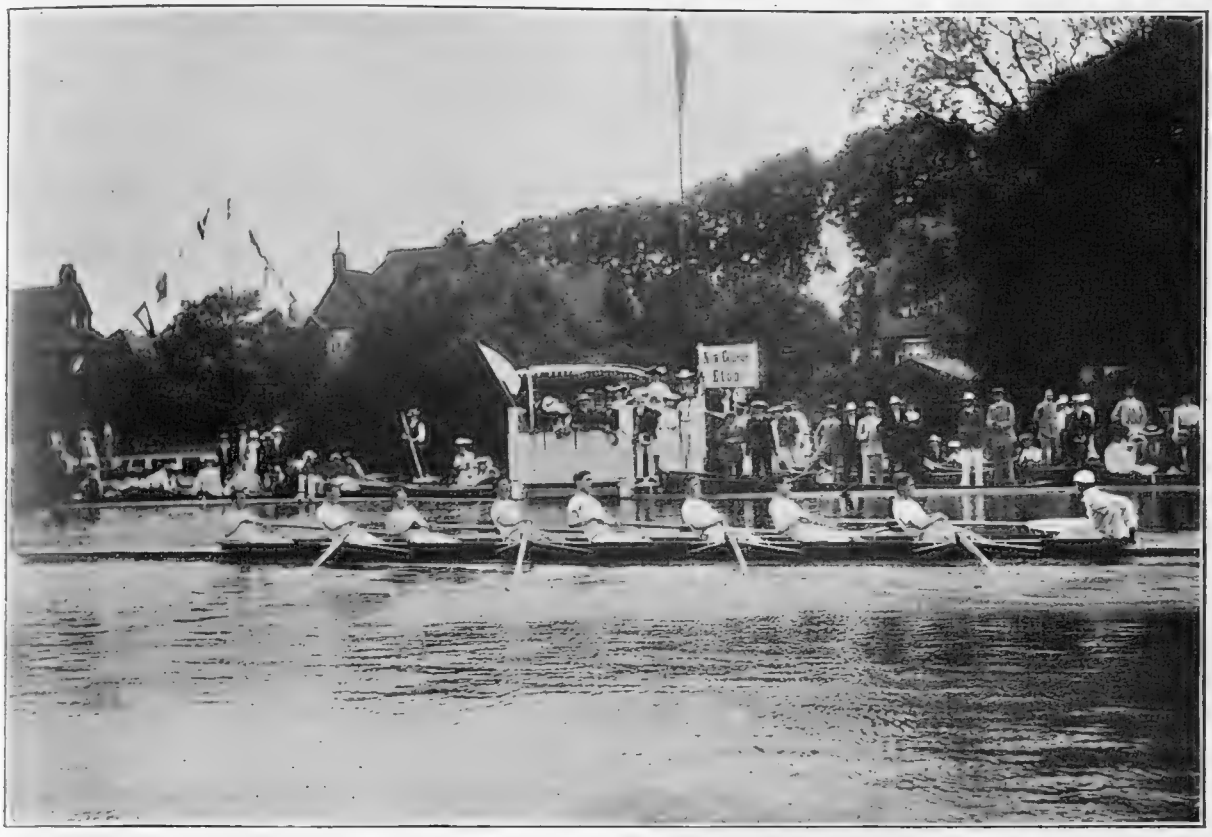
The Solid Silver Bowl (valve 10 guineas), presented by THE BYSTANDER for the best decorated houseboat, attracted no little attention at Henley. Our congratulations to Mr. Stevens, the winner, for the artistic appearance presented by the *Cigarette*, which was selected by the ladies who kindly consented to act as judges. We tender our thanks to these ladies, who were Mrs. Curling Hunter, Mrs. Brakespeare, Miss Norah Boulnois, and Miss Ida Gibson



Mr. J. Bradford's "Gipsy," the Runner-up for the Cup

idging the best decorated Houseboat proved to be no easy task, and it was by the "very shortest head" that *Gipsy* was beaten at the post in the race for the Cup. In presenting our mingled condolences and congratulations to Mr. Bradford, we take pleasure in forwarding him as a small consolation prize, one of our morocco leather Bridge Cases, containing two markers and two packs of THE BYSTANDER playing cards

HENLEY: THE SERIOUS BUSINESS OF RACING



The Eton crew, who won the Ladies' Challenge Plate

Eton this year showed one of the strongest crews the College have ever turned out, and their victory over First Trinity, Cambridge, by barely a length, was achieved after a magnificent struggle

Leander, the winners of the Grand Challenge Cup

Leander turned out a fine crew this year, and it is a pity they have not been able to match their strength against any foreign crew. The Leander victory over New College, Oxford, for the Challenge Cup, was easily gained by a length

Without Apology

It is stated that in the post-offices of Australia, there has been introduced a penny-in-the-slot machine by which persons who wish to obtain stamps promptly, and who have no time to wait to be served, may at once obtain their requirements. This is surely the latest and greatest of British engineering triumphs. By the aid of steam we have gained rapid tran it, by the telegraph quick communication, and now, more miraculous than all, by the aid of the slot-machine we have obtained what seemed beyond our wildest dreams—immediate attention at a post-office.

The introduction of such a contrivance into this country would, no doubt, evoke the applause of all English stamp purchasers, who, at present, when they visit a post office, seriously th nk of taking with them camp-stools and lunch-baskets.

So far the Tariff Reform League has given no sign of an intention to take part in the coming General Election, and the Liberal leaders are accordingly considerably nonplussed. With the League passive, the chances of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman obtaining a working majority are somewhat remote.

It was announced the other day that the Clerk of Works at Rochdale was only twenty-one. No leading article, however, upon the signficance of this fact has appeared in the *Daily Mail.*

The following are a few flowers culled from the wreath of homage placed at the feet of "General Booth" by the *Saturday Review*:

> That grotesque and pseudo-religious organisation known as the Salvation Army, is about on the same level of spirituality as an exhibition by Buffalo Bill. The cleverness of the leader in the arts of advertisement and of manipulating the hare-brained intellects of those numerous people who are always responsive to charlatanism, his threats and cajoleries, and his talk, half buffoonery, and half couched in religious phraseology, are all carefully devised to catch the half-witted lovers of vulgar mysteries who always swarm after leaders of Mr. Booth's type.

As a possible indication of where the young men go to who leave the leader-writer's desk in Carmelite Street, the above is not without a certain interest.

A beautiful group of Gloxinias

On view at Messrs. Sutton's stand, in the recent Royal Agricultural Show, Park Royal

We have heard much during recent years of "schools of fiction." The term is now, however, to have a new significance, as witness the following advertisement in a contemporary:

A well-known novelist receives at his residence in St. James's a limited number of pupils to prepare for the literary profession; individual training; many successes.—Address, etc.

We trust a similar enterprise will now be started to prepare readers for the productions of this academy of novelists.

From Mr. Jessop's cricket notes in a morning paper:

The players' team can boast of no candal appendage.

The study of the English synonym becomes more interesting every day.

We understand that, for the better accommodation of protests from the Concert of Europe against Turkish misrule, the Porte waste paper baskets have been considerably enlarged. All demands can now be met.

"Ah! I see in ze vindow zat you recovaire ze golf ball."
"Yes, Sir."
"Zen you vill please recovaire for me ze ball I lose zis morning."

A telephone girl has been writing a volume of poems. We had often wondered how these young ladies occupied themselves during business hours.

The *Sketch* states that Miss Edna May will, on her return to England, abandon musical drama for genuine comedy. This proposed innovation is almost as remarkable as one stated to be in contemplation by several well-known actor-managers. In brief, rumour is busy with the statement that when they next appear upon the boards, it is the intention of the gentlemen in question to act.

The *Spectator* has been explaining "why Mr. Balfour should dissolve." As a punster shamefully observed, this is easier for Mr. Asquith, because he's Herbert.

Our sympathies are offered to a superstitious lady who, on reading "This is The Last Day" in huge letters in her newspaper, retired to her cellar and fasted for a week. Poor soul, she had not moved with the *Times*.

Buller Roberts Colenso Baden Powell Smith may now take comfort. A Russian baby has been christened Vladivostock.

"The Crossing, by Winston Churchill," is not, we understand, an autobiographic record of recent party changes in the House. It is a novel by an American "man of the same name."

The Golden Calf

Why is it [asks a correspondent] that our arts, and especially these of painting and the drama, are in such a state of decadence? We will tell them.

Bentham Browne is a playwright, and once upon a time
He wrote a play of sterling worth, five acts, and all in rhyme;
He hawked it round to managers for months, then bore the cost
Of a *matinée* production. Result—a shocking frost.
Now Bentham drives his motor; the reason why is plain:
Instead of plays which deal with life and bear impress of brain,
He churns out dreary gilt-edged "bloods" or "books" for music-plays;
Such work may make him shudder, but there's one thing sure—it pays.

Leighton Lover is a painter, and in the days of yore
He lived with Art and High Ideals on a Chelsea third-back floor,
The "Nocturnes" that he painted, the "Visions" and the "Tones,"
Though excellent as works of art, for bread brought only stones.
So Leighton faced facts firmly, and hunger was appeased,
By profits on his "Child with Dog," and "Won't Mother be Pleased."
He paints them still, twice every year, and in defence he says,
"Of course, it's not exactly art; but take my tip—it pays."

Wilson Wynne's an author, and of his books the best
Is the one he wrote when quite a youth, entitled "Someone's Quest."
His aunts bought twenty copies, but no one followed suit;
It was not, therefore, difficult the proceeds to compute.
Now Wilson is a man of wealth and standing, more or less,
His line is gaudy serials in the ha'penny daily press;
His heroines are fearsome, and his plots fill with amaze;
His style must make the seraphs weep, but all the same—it pays!

The World of Women

Justice to Men

Amongst the many letters I have received since I was first accorded the privilege of expressing my views on this page, there have been several which have accused me of being grossly unfair towards men. As a matter of fact, I take very little interest in men, judging them to be of far less importance in the world than the members of my own sex. I do not think I have occupied myself overmuch with them in these papers, but, however that may be, I have no wish to be unfair to anyone, and am about to show it by defending men as a whole from a charge brought against them by one of my correspondents, "Sylvia."

Sylvia's Charge

After accusing me of a "ferocious dislike" towards men in general, Sylvia herself somewhat inconsistently makes this charge against them. "The manners of gentlemen," she says, "have undergone a deplorable change within the last hundred years. At the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, to go no further back, men were formal in their manners, but their formality covered a genuine respect towards women, and which seems entirely to have disappeared nowadays. I am speaking of gentlemen in the upper classes. There is an utter absence of that careful politeness which consisted in showing to any woman who happened to be in the room with them that she was the chief person to be considered. No man in those days, at least no man of good breeding, would have thought it possible to address any lady without formal politeness, or to ignore her presence as men do nowadays, behaving in a free and easy manner that would be more in keeping with a bar parlour than a lady's drawing-room."

A Gentleman of the Eighteenth Century

Now I do not profess to be a judge of manners that would be suitable to a bar parlour, whatever that may be, but I flatter myself that I am some judge of manners suitable to a drawing-room, and I was at first inclined to think that there was much in what Sylvia said. But it so happened that at the time I received her letter I was re-reading the works of that author, of whom all women ought to be thoroughly proud—Jane Austen, and immediately afterwards I came upon the scene in "Sense and Sensibility," where Sir John Middleton brings his daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, to call upon the ladies at Barton Cottage. Now, Mr. Palmer, though not a very amiable character, was a gentleman of "fashion" and "consequence," and his manners are not mentioned as being out of the way bad. And yet this is how he carried out Sylvia's ideas of behaviour in the eighteenth century:

> He entered the room with a look of self-consequence, slightly bowed to the ladies, without speaking a word, and, after briefly surveying them and their apartments, took up a newspaper from the table, and continued to read it as long as he staid.

And a little later, when Marianne Dashwood came into the room:

> Mr. Palmer looked up on her entering the room, stared at her some minutes, and then returned to his newspaper.

The Rule and Its Exceptions

Now I ask Sylvia point blank, Would such behaviour as that be possible in like circumstances to-day? I think not. If it were recorded of any man by a novelist who knew her world as well as Jane Austen knew hers, it would be as an instance of almost incredible rudeness. I shall be told that there is a great deal of formal politeness amongst other men characters in Jane Austen's novels, and I do not deny it It was undoubtedly the rule of the day to speak in stilted periods and to behave with a sort of superficial respect towards women, and that rule has now largely disappeared; but the exceptions to it show plainly enough that this artificial politeness was very much on the surface, and its absence not a matter of remark.

Away with Compliments!

And I must say this, that I do not regret the disappearance of a habit which, at its best, had so little hold on real courtesy of feeling, and, at its worst, must have been tiresome in the last degree. It is bad enough nowadays to have to converse with an empty-headed man of fashion, when one has at least the freedom of speaking openly what one thinks, and he can produce whatever intelligent ideas he may be possessed of in a natural and easy manner. It would be intolerable if he felt himself obliged to mouth stately compliments which could have no real meaning, and the unfortunate woman to whom they were addressed had to simper her acknowledgments in the same insincere strain.

Manners in the Twentieth Century

No, I am sure that our manners in the twentieth century have improved, those of the men as well as those of the women. And they have improved because they are more natural. Formality could no more hide the boorishness of the boor a hundred years ago than the lack of it can do so now. And the man who in his heart respects women will show it far more by treating them as intellectual equals, and conversing with them with the same directness as he would use towards his fellow-men, which are the good manners of the twentieth century, than he would by paying them formal and meaningless compliments, and treating them otherwise as inferiors being, which were largely the manners of a hundred years ago. Let us, by all means, keep to our hardly won freedom of intercourse, and not cry over the bowings and scrapings which can only be valued by the inferior of our sex, and give no pleasure to the majority of us.

CALPURNIA.

The Connoisseur.

THE CULT OF ANTIQUE PEWTER

Some time ago, when we were giving an account of the exhibition of pewter held in the Hall of Clifford's Inn, we adventured the hope that the cult of this particularly commonplace material might not develop to an overwhelming extent. But now there can be no doubt the rage has been started, and is spreading rapidly. One of the latest symptoms—and a very beautifully developed one—is Mr. H. J. L. J. Massé's resplendent volume, "Pewter Plate" (George Bell: 21*s.* net), an historical and descriptive handbook of a subject which he has made entirely his own.

Not long since, the amateur of pewter was unable to find sufficient information in regard to his hobby to enable him to be armed against imposition or become accomplished in his quest of rare pieces. But since the days when Mr. Welch produced his valuable work on the Pewterers' Company, data of many kinds have been collected and made public. Of all these matters Mr. Massé takes the fullest advantage, and sets his carefully acquired knowledge before us in a style at once engaging and personal, historically informatory and artistically valuable. Now, at least, once and for all, each reader of this work may judge of the æsthetic worth of this antique domestic craft. Here is displayed the whole story of pewter from the earliest days—somewhat obscured in Oriental mysteries — even unto the most modern examples. The illustrations—excellent photographs of existent pieces—show us the best and worst of the art, but they cannot, of course, give us the colour, which seems to us to be the one real and just claim that the lover of pewter can put forward for general admiration. Such a collection as is shown in the first illustration, when arranged in a room panelled with old oak, and furnished with a certain dark simplicity, and hung with skins of deer and colours reminiscent of feudalism and the pewter age, presents a good decorative appearance. The *gris de perle*, which is the fine flower of the material, is then seen in its right place, and gives a twilight effect that is no small artistic asset. But in modern surroundings, even the best examples look out of place. The amateur has hardly grasped the fact that pewter, although no aristocrat, cannot mix with chance

A Dresser full of Pewter (*From Mr. Massé's book*)

The property of A. F. de Navarro, Esq.

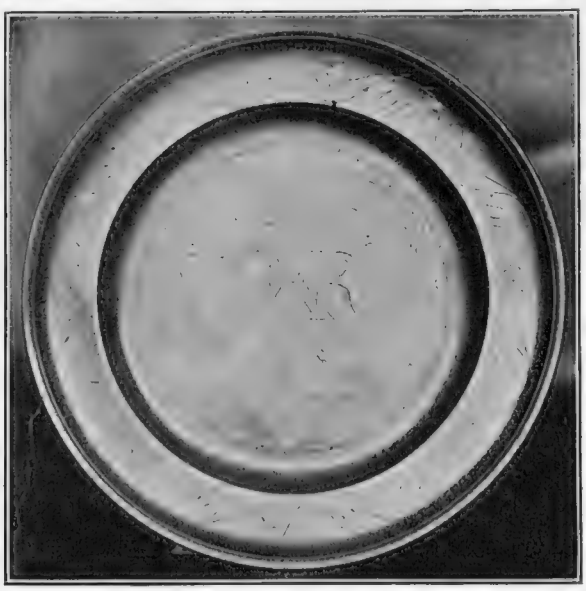
German Kitchen in Nuremberg Museum
Showing pewter of many periods

neighbours, and requires an environment of its own. Such examples as those illustrated below, with decorations of almost barbaric simplicity, show an awkward air if they find themselves rubbing shoulders with the early porcelain of the sophisticated East, or the affectations of eighteenth century Dresden and Chelsea. The true use and value of the material is best seen in the arrangement of the German kitchen at the Nuremberg Museum, where the utilitarian side of the ware is well expressed, and its true value and position indicated. After silver had taken the place of pewter in the dining-halls of the great ones of the earth, it managed to keep its place in the kitchens of the houses of the gentry and in many houses of the middle class. Mr. Massé says that in some of the larger domestic establishments pewter continued to be used regularly till within the last thirty years, and there are even now two or three houses where it is still used in the servants' hall, and there are collections stored away in many a quiet country house.

It is for these that the collector waits; and thanks to Mr. Massé's excellent handbook, when the time comes, he will be fully informed as to who made the examples that come his way and in what period. For no small part of "Pewter Plate" is devoted to lists of long-forgotten pewterers and freemen of the Company, and foreign and English marks, and to the "touches" at Pewterers' Hall. An exhaustive bibliography of the subject will introduce the enthusiasts of the craft to many German, French, and Italian writers perhaps not generally known, and the book as a whole will give delight, not only to the pursuer of pewter, but to all those interested in applied arts generally and the domestic history of our ancestors particularly. An appendix to this work is, we hear, now in the press. It is an elaborately illustrated catalogue of the recent exhibition of antique pewter, of which we have previously spoken.

E. M.

An English Tankard
Decorated with pointillé and wriggled work



Flemish Alms-dish, dated 1770
Ornamented with wriggled work

The Bystander, July 13, 1904

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 32.—Vol. III. Wednesday, July 13, 1904. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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Billiard Room.

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THE DINING ROOM.

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THE DRAWING ROOM.

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WANTED TO RENT, Unfurnished, within a 10-mile radius of Winchester (preferred), a good country RESIDENCE, containing at least 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 or 4 sitting rooms, stabling and matured garden. Rent not to exceed £250 per annum. Letters to C. G., c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO RENT, in a Western County, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE (7 bedrooms), with grounds and stabling. About £100 to £125 per annum. F. G. C., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

Offices: 17, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard, (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

CAMBRIDGE about three miles from the University. — A delightful FREEHOLD ESTATE of 73 acres, medium-sized residence, with large reception rooms, billiard room, electric light, stabling, old-world lawns and gardens, small farmery, and some of the best grass land in the county, with a belt of grand old timber, to be SOLD by auction, at the Mart, E.C., on Monday, the 25th inst.

MILTON HALL, Cambridgeshire

The above substantially built residence, with electric light throughout and telephone, contains: 3 large and lofty reception rooms, billiard-room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, spacious offices, and vaulted cellarage. Carriage drives from two modern red-brick lodges lead to the house, which is agreeably placed in charming lawns and gardens, with views over the rich old pastures, which are studded with fine forest trees. There is a most productive and well-stocked walled kitchen garden, span greenhouse, range of recently built poultry houses, thriving orchard, substantial brick-built farmery and yards, woodland walks, small lake, with boathouse, and three cottages, the whole presenting a complete establishment on a moderate scale, suitable for one desiring a pleasant country home, inexpensive to maintain, within 80 minutes of the Metropolis, and with the advantages of the excellent society and sport afforded by the district. Illustrated particulars, plans, and conditions of sale may be had of the Auctioneers,

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, of 9, Conduit Street, London, W., who are acting in conjunction with Messrs. Grain, Moyes, and Wisbey, Land Agents, of 66, St. Andrews Street, Cambridge, or of the Vendor's Solicitors, Messrs. Papworth and French, 9, St. Andrews Hill, Cambridge.

Battlemented Castle on the English Riviera.

FOR SALE, this charming modern RESIDENCE, overlooking a lovely bay, and containing: 9 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, etc. electric light; stabling; beautiful grounds of 1½ acres, sloping towards the sea; excellent boating; sunny, warm, and healthy situation. Price only £3,500.—Full particulars from Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below (2,419)

ONE HOUR OF CITY.—Lovely district.—Pretty COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with ornamental grounds and paddock of 10 acres; entrance hall, 3 reception, 9 bed, bath; excellent stabling with clock tower; expensively fitted throughout. To be SOLD for £2,750, only fraction of cost.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,483)

Close to a Station, and 10 miles from Southsea.

HANTS (overlooking a park).—For SALE, a charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in beautifully timbered grounds of 6 acres; spacious hall, 3 reception, 9 bed, bath, etc.; stabling for 3; good hunting and shooting.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2 545)

On one of the loveliest reaches of the Thames; near Quarry Woods.

£3,000 (a Bargain).—This charming creeper-clad RESIDENCE, standing in matured grounds of 5 acres, well timbered: 9 bed, boudoir, 3 reception; stabling for 7; 10 minutes from station and river. Freehold.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,457)

One Mile from a station, 35 minutes from London.

HERTS.—For SALE, in the high and healthy Boxmoor district, the above convenient HOUSE, containing: 3 reception and 7 bedrooms; tennis lawns and grounds of 1½ acres; golf links near. Price £2,975.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,520)

CLIVEDEN REACH (two miles from Taplow and Maidenhead Stations, above flood level, with lovely rural aspect).—To be LET, Unfurnished, pretty RIVER COTTAGE; 2 reception, 6 bed, bath; tastefully decorated. Rent, £60 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

Near Sandwich Golf Links. Fifteenth Century Residence.

KENT.—A quaint old HOUSE for SALE, commanding good views, and containing 3 reception rooms, including fine drawing room panelled in oak, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; gas and water; stabling; gardens; ten minutes from station. Price, £3,750.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (1,785)

In the favourite district of Godalming

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, a picturesque COUNTRY RESIDENCE on dry soil, with fine views, and approached by carriage drive with lodge; 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, plunge bath, boudoir; stabling: beautifully timbered grounds of nearly 3 acres laid out in terraces. Price and full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY (2,193)

In the beautiful pine district near Hindhead. 90 minutes of Town.

HANTS. — Picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE for SALE, with stabling and 2 acres of grounds; additional land up to 30 acres available; 4 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms; good water supply. Price low. — Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,327)

A SMALL COUNTRY PROPERTY.
6 MILES FROM DORKING.

SURREY (adjoining village, with church, etc. 3 miles from station).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished attractive RESIDENCE: 3 reception and 6 bedrooms; tennis court. Grounds open into pine woods and common lands. Price, £2,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,861)

TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES VICTORIA OR LONDON BRIDGE. Rural district.—Detached RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 5 bed, bath; standing in 2 acres of nice old matured grounds. Stabling. Price, £2,500; less land, £1,400.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (2,577)

STOKE COURT ESTATE.

Stoke Poges, Farnham Royal, Burnham Beeches, Bucks.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY have received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Monday the 25th inst., at 2 p.m.,

THE OUTLYING PORTIONS

of the above Estate, including the VARIOUS HOUSES AND HOLDINGS, and A LARGE QUANTITY OF WOODS WITH FINE PINE, BEECH, AND OAK TREES, comprising

EXCEPTIONAL SITES FOR COUNTRY HOUSES,
and extending to a total area of nearly

400 ACRES.

Plans and full particulars of the Auctioneers, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

450FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. NEAR WARLINGHAM, SURREY.

FOR SALE, below cost, this picturesque RESIDENCE, with beautifully laid out grounds of 3 acres, including tennis lawn: billiard and 3 reception rooms, 10 bed, and 2 bathrooms. Close to golf links. Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY. (2,560)

30 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON.

HERTS,—To be SOLD, Freehold, or LET Unfurnished, an attractive RESIDENCE, standing in pleasure gardens and meadowland of 13 acres. Accommodation: halls, 5 reception rooms, including billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, and ample domestic offices; modern stabling for 4 horses; 2 lodges; 2 cottages and farmery: well-timbered and matured gardens, range of glasshouses, and 5 paddocks; gas and Company's water laid on; subsoil, sand and gravel.—Full details of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,205)

£1,750 for the above attractive RESIDENCE, Essex and Herts borders, close to a station. The house stands high, approached by a carriage drive, and contains: hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and offices. Well matured grounds of 1½ acres; Company's water. — Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,564)

Good Hunting District.
12 miles from Bath.

GENTLEMAN'S COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high in beautiful grounds of 3 acres. 4 reception and 8 bedrooms; conservatory; pretty verandah; stabling for 10. Trout fishing and shooting. Quarter mile from a station. Price £2,900. Rent £120 per annum.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, as below. (2,562)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
Head Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephone No. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE.

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

WINCHESTER (near). — £4,000 only for capital MANOR HOUSE, and 37 acres of rich, well timbered pasture. Excellent stabling for 12, attractive gardens and grounds, glass-houses, 4 cottages, and farmery; 16 bed and dressing rooms, full sized billiard room. Every convenience, modern sanitation, electric light. Close to old-world village. Hunting with H.H. Inspected. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10. Mount Street, W. (19,146)

MIDLANDS. MAIN LINE.

THE ABOVE ATTRACTIVE MANSION, situate in a favourite district within about seventy minutes by rail of London, and encircled by superb grounds and finely timbered park, the whole extending to upwards of 100 acres, will be SOLD by auction at the Mart, on July 27, unless previously disposed of privately.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,444)

ALMOST UNIQUE MARINE RESIDENCE on the Sussex coast with magnificently timbered grounds, leading to the sea shore and commanding grand views of the Channel; to be SOLD at moderate price. It contains: 12 bedrooms and large reception rooms, stabling for 4, cottage; near favourite seaside town. easy drive of Goodwood. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,030)

SURREY HILLS (near Oxted and Limpsfield Golf Club).—Artistic red brick RESIDENCE for SALE, at moderate price; 6½ acres of perfectly secluded grounds, modern stabling, and every convenience; fine billiard room, large and lofty reception and 12 bedrooms; perfect sanitation and water supply. Strongly recommended.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,135)

HERTS AND MIDDLESEX BORDERS commanding magnificent panoramic views 40 miles in extent.—To be SOLD, unusually attractive HOUSE, built for owner's own occupation, in perfect order: stabling, tennis lawn, pleasure and kitchen gardens, 8 bedrooms, bath, large reception rooms, 4 miles from station, 40 minutes from London, gravel soil. Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,445)

IDEAL RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.

BANKS OF THE THAMES. to be SOLD, Freehold, the charming COTTAGE RESIDENCE, depicted above, occupying one of the choicest positions, with lawn to river: large hall, 4 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, stabling, and launch house.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (14,419)

£5,000 only for a compact RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of 424 acres on the borders of Hants and Wilts. Medium-sized residence, with stabling, attractive grounds, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, excellent farm buildings, bailiff's house, and 8 cottages. Capital partridge shooting (extra can be hired). Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,361)

BEDS (North).—To be SOLD or LET Furnished for the summer months, charming Country HOUSE and grandly timbered grounds of 15 acres; price £4,500: 10 bed, bath, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling, walled kitchen garden, and farmery; cottages and additional land if desired; healthy district, a mile from station. Inspected.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,745)

ONE OF THE FINEST SPORTING ESTATES IN THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND.

6,000 ACRES (nearly) of very fine covert and open ground SHOOTING to be LET, with Furnished MANSION, situate within 2½ miles from a station, about three hours by rail from London, on the borders of Hants and Wilts. — Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,213)

CHOICE RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

THE above lovely home in Sussex for SALE, comprising an exceedingly well-built RESIDENCE of medium size, on high ground, commanding beautiful views, with about 130 or more acres. Fishing and hunting. Inspected and recommended. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,202)

IN THE VERY BEST PART OF THE PYTCHLEY.—To be LET, Furnished, on LEASE, with or without 3,000 acres of shooting. One of the best-known COUNTRY MANSIONS, close to a station, and under two hours from London; splendidly placed for hunting with the above hounds. The Residence is a handsome structure, and stands in a park of about 80 acres; stabling for 20 horses. Inspected by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (15,068)

UNIQUE YACHTING FACILITIES. — Capital Family RESIDENCE, to be LET Unfurnished, situated in one of the finest positions on the shores of the Solent, opposite Cowes. It stands well above the sea, with delightful gardens extending to the seashore, about 35 acres in all; spacious hall, 5 reception, 18 bedrooms; lodge entrance, stabling for 8, and 3 cottages; view tower on grounds.—Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,297)

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SPORTING PROPERTY.

"EASTON HALL," Grantham.—This well-known COUNTRY SEAT, handsomely furnished. To be LET with 7,000 acres of excellent mixed shooting and capital trout fishing. Hunting with the BELVOIR and COTTESMORE Hounds. Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Inspected and recommended. (19,221)

IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION ON THE KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.—Charming Residential ESTATE of 25 acres, with small RESIDENCE, pretty garden, and finely timbered park-like meadowland, for SALE, freehold. Stabling for 4, farmery and 2 cottages; close to station, within about an hour's rail of Town.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,588)

NORFOLK COAST, near Cromer, with private grounds, leading to the beach.—To be LET, furnished for the summer, charming HOUSE, containing: 19 bedrooms, large reception rooms, stabling. Glorious views of the German Ocean. Moderate rent.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (18,795)

BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.—To be SOLD, an exact replica of an old Hampshire MANOR HOUSE, with charming grounds of 30 acres, beautifully situate, 400 feet above sea, grand views: 15 bed and dressing, oak panelled hall and reception rooms; stabling; quaint gate-house and archway. A mile from main line station. Strongly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,288)

£2,250 will purchase a compact little PROPERTY in a first-rate social and sporting district in the Midlands, near good town with fine train service; all in perfect order; 9 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage, good gardens and paddocks. Should be seen at once. —Apply WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (19,510)

GOTHIC MANSION IN HERTS.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, the above interesting old RESIDENCE of medium size, standing in a park and lighted by electricity. Lovely old grounds, boating, fishing, shooting, and hunting in the vicinity. Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (16,441)

IN THE VALLEY OF THE SEVERN.—To be LET, a well-furnished MANSION, with first-rate mixed shooting, over 3,500 acres, and trout fishing. The Residence, of medium size, stands in a well-timbered park, and the gardens are of a beautiful character, sloping down to a large sheet of ornamental water. Hunting with two packs. —Recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,342)

CUMBERLAND. — To be SOLD, a sound Agricultural and Sporting ESTATE, of upwards of 1,000 acres, lying compactly in a ring fence. It is well wooded, bounded by county roads, intersected by a stream, and divided into suitable holdings, all let, and producing about £900 per annum.—Particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (16,093)

EARLY XVTH CENTURY RESIDENCE.

Within 45 minutes of London.

THE ABOVE CHARMING OLD RESIDENCE, with over 100 acres of beautifully timbered land, to be SOLD at the low price of £6,000. The House, in first-class order, stands about 400ft. above the sea, in delightful old-world grounds; contains: Entrance hall with fine staircase, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bedrooms (or more), bathroom, and offices; stabling, farm buildings, 2 cottages.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,268)

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE CONISTON. —Compact small SPORTING ESTATE, for SALE, with 2 miles of frontage to the Lake, and adjoining an extensive common, over which there are valuable sporting and pasturage rights; capital pheasant, partridge, grouse, woodcock and other shooting; good fishing in the Lake; some excellent sites for a residence; unrivalled scenery. Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,530)

OXSHOTT and COBHAM.—Surrounded by Fairmile Common and Claremont Woods; one of the choicest situations within three-quarters of an hour of town.—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, charming RESIDENCE, in absolutely secluded and delightfully timbered grounds of 3 acres; 9 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; stabling, entrance lodge; modern drainage, water laid on, gravel soil; a mile from station.—Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,584)

REMARKABLY CHOICE AND CHEAP Residential Estate in Derbyshire.—Attractive moderate-sized HOUSE in beautifully timbered park: 16 bedrooms, billiard room, etc. Good stabling, charming grounds, home farm, etc.; all pasture and extending to 400 acres, producing £850 per annum. Early possession: price very moderate.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W. (18,394)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS,

Telephone: 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON"

SLADE & CHURCH

Telephone: 460 Croydon. **Auctioneers, Estate and House Agents,**

117, SOUTH END, SOUTH CROYDON,

AND BRANCHES.

GLENGARRY, CAMPDEN ROAD

SOUTH CROYDON (25 minutes of Town).—A perfect house and situation, gentleman's RESIDENCE, standing 1¼ acre charming garden, Glengarry, Campden Road. Five bed, dressing, billiard room (convertible into 2 bedrooms), bath (h. and c.), entrance hall with fireplace, 3 handsome reception rooms. To be SOLD by Auction at Mart, London, July 15 next, by SLADE and CHURCH (as above).

SANDERSTEAD, midst the Surrey Hills, 30 min. of town, near station.—A unique RESIDENCE, with ½ acre garden. More land if desired. Craigevar, Sanderstead Road: 7 bed, bath (h. and c.), spacious hall, with fireplace, 3 large reception rooms, and offices. Also LOT 2, ½ acre plot of land adjoining, to be Sold by SLADE and CHURCH (as above).

SOUTH CROYDON. — Practically without reserve: a modern freehold detached RESIDENCE, "Windermere," Coombe Road, in favourite part, near station, close beautiful country; 6 bed, box, dressing, bath (h. and c.), 3 spacious reception, tiled hall, large, well-matured garden. To be SOLD by auction by SLADE and CHURCH (as above).

SURREY.—Choice Freehold BUILDING LAND for SALE, from £100 per acre; sloping south aspect, amidst grand scenery, over 300ft. above sea level, mile from Capel village and Ockley Station.—WM. VAUGHAN, Clark's Green, Capel, Surrey.

MINEHEAD.—To be SOLD or LET, a pretty, well-built RESIDENCE, facing the sea & Welsh coast: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, stabling for 2, detached billiard room. £1,600.—Apply "G.," c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street.

DORSET.—To be LET, Unfurnished, a stone built RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, stabling for 8, cottage, shooting over 2,000 acres, excellent trout fishing. Hunting with 3 packs. Rent, £350 per annum. Or Furnished.—"D. L." c/o BYSTANDER, Tallis Street.

TO ARTISTS AND OTHERS.

A BEAUTIFUL OLD FARMHOUSE.

HANTS (3 miles from Liphook).—To be SOLD, a delightful old Freehold RESIDENCE, which has recently been enlarged and improved by the occupier, a well-known artist, who, while making vast improvements, has retained all the characteristic features, such as the old carved oak work, etc. There are 7 bed and 3 reception rooms, capital offices, and very pretty gardens, 4 or 35 acres, as desired; numerous outbuildings, including stabling and a very fine studio (54ft. in length).—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

A PERFECTLY UNIQUE RESIDENCE

31 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

TO BE SOLD AT A SACRIFICE.—A picturesque creeper-clad RESIDENCE, with 12 acres, about 2 miles from Weybridge, and forming an ideal home for a city man. Money has within the last few years been lavished on the property to provide luxuries right out of the common. The Residence is in splendid order, electric light is installed, while the sanitary fittings are simply perfection. Accommodation comprises: square hall, quaint Dutch snuggery, drawing room in Adams' style, oak-panelled dining room, divan; 10 bedrooms, 2 model bathrooms, servants' hall, and very good offices; stabling for 4; several cottages; perfectly lovely old gardens; croquet, tennis; chestnut drive; miniature golf course; capital kitchen and fruit gardens, glasshouses, orchard, outbuildings, and park land. Very strongly recommended.—OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED

REQUIRED TO RENT OR PURCHASE, within 2 hours of Town, a thoroughly well-appointed COUNTRY RESIDENCE, with 20 to 100 acres; 16 bedrooms, square hall, and billiard room essential. High ground and dry soil. Gas or electric light. Good figure for suitable place.—Write "E. B.," c/o HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

TWO HOURS OF TOWN.—Required to purchase, a well-built RESIDENCE, 16 to 18 bedrooms; some 30 acres; gravel soil.—Apply "Lady L. 56," c/o GILLOWS, London, W.

£100,000 WILL BE PAID for an ESTATE of some 3,000 acres, in the Eastern Counties preferred, with good shooting. Residence containing about 26 bedrooms.—Apply, "W. N. 55," c/o GILLOWS, London. W.

£30,000 WILL BE PAID for an ESTATE, in Kent preferred, with good partridge shooting, and Residence with some 16 bedrooms.—Apply, "C. C. 53," c/o GILLOWS, London. W.

£20,000 (up to) WILL BE PAID for an ESTATE of some 200 acres in any of the Home Counties, rural neighbourhood required. Residence with 12 to 20 bedrooms, billiard room, etc.—Apply, "M. 53," c/o GILLOWS, London. W.

WANTED TO BUY in Hampshire, if possible, near Alton, a good Country HOUSE, containing 8 or 9 bedrooms, with 3 to 5 acres. Price, £3,000 to £4,000.—Address, C. A., c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

WANTED TO RENT, with option of purchase, about 20 to 30 miles out and within easy reach of the City, an old fashioned RESIDENCE, with inexpensive grounds. About 8 to 10 bedrooms.—"Hamilton," c/o OWEN WALLIS and Co., 17, King Street, St. James's Street, S.W.

SECOND HAND MOTOR CARS (Offered for Sale by Private Owners)

Under this heading we are prepared to insert advertisements of autocars for sale and wanted, and other miscellaneous announcements of a like character.

The charge for each insertion is 1s. 3d. per line, and a 1d. for every additional word.

Numbered Addresses.—*For the convenience of advertisers, letters may be addressed to numbers at* **"The Bystander"** *Office. When this is desired, 2d. will be charged for registration, but three stamped and addressed envelopes must be sent for forwarding replies. Only the number will appear in the advertisement. Replies should be addressed "No. 000, c/o* **"The Bystander,"** *Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.*

All advertisements inserted in these columns must be strictly prepaid, and reach "THE BYSTANDER" Office, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, by FIRST POST on TUESDAY MORNING to ensure insertion.

If desired, a block of motor-car can be inserted, the cost of which would be 5s. for each block in addition to the cost of advertisement.

1904 8 h.-p. Darracq, new, smart car, painted red, outlined black and white, bucket seats, two brass paraffin lamps, regulation tail lamp, tools, foot pump; £180.—H. Plumbridge, Broad Street Station, E.C.

GENUINE Licensed 6 h.-p. De Dion double phaeton, Mulliner body, upholstered leather, new engine and tyres, overhauled by makers lately; cheap.—View and trial.—Ashby-Jones, 8, Ridgway Gardens, Wimbledon.

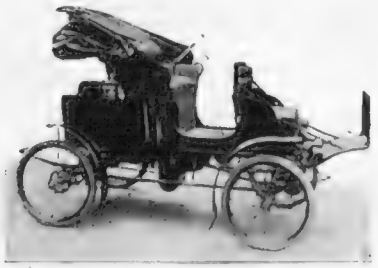
HUMBERETTE, Royal, 6½ h.-p., fast, climb any hill, little used, and in excellent condition; this car was exhibited at Crystal Palace Show; £120. — Woodward, 89, Warrington Crescent, Maida Vale, London.

12 h.-p. Darracq, tonneau, latest type, M.O.V., extra size wheels, everything of the very best; will sell cheap, having bought a 20 h.-p., or take an up-to-date two-seated in part payment.—A. Fielding, Railway Pottery, Stoke-on-Trent.

BABY PEUGEOT, splendid condition, 6 h.-p. engine, three speeds, reverse, hood, artillery wheels, everything complete, price £125. Box 124, care of BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

12 h.-p. M.O.I.V. Darracq Tonneau, new condition, seats five, three speeds and reverse, very quiet and fast, lamps, spares, etc.; £225 cash. —The Limes, Frindsbury, Rochester.

RENAULT Motor-car. 4½ h.-p., tonneau body, three speeds and reverse, trembler coil, wipe contact, spring seats, Clipper tyres, in perfect order; £125; trial invited.—Mr. Haw, Dudley Street, Grimsby.



"PRESCOTT" Steam Car, seats 2 or 4. Victoria hood, condenser; splendid running car. Practically new. Selling through illness. Cheap to immediate purchaser. — Bezant, 12, Victoria Terrace, Leamington-Spa.

DAIMLER, 23 b.h.-p., 1904 pattern, seating for seven people, double tonneau, side entrance, detachable heavy hood, 10ft. wheelbase, 16ft. over; every detail of car complete; almost new, being sold as too long for the Irish roads; car can be seen in London; is one of the smartest and finest turnouts in existence.—Photo and details from Lieut. Windham, 56, West Clapham Common.

12-16 h.-p. four-cylinder Tonneau Motor Cars, made by Motor Manufacturing Co., Coventry, for immediate disposal; a bargain; any trial inspection invited, and no reasonable offer refused. Owner going abroad.—Address, B., 12, Crieff Road, Wandsworth Common.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — We have cars offered by private owners, to whom we will introduce you without fees.—Write at once, stating your requirements, Frank Little and Co., engineers, High Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

MAYFAIR Voiturette, 4½ h.-p. De Dion engine, wipe contact, two-seated, leather hood, three lamps, two accumulators, wire wheels, pneumatic tyres, in splendid condition and running order, just overhauled; £65; trial by appointment.—T. C. Moffatt, 46, Kenilworth Avenue, Wimbledon

10 h.-p. Wolseley Tonneau, solids, photo, £250; 24 h.-p. Darracq, tonneau, pneumatics, £450; 14 h.-p. Clement-Talbot, detachable tonneau, bucket seats, hood, and screen, £400; all three in excellent order; trials of above at short notice here.—Owner, Batlescomb, Beach Road, Weston-super-Mare

10 h.-p. Two-cylinder Cottereau, dark green tonneau, front bucket seats, black leather upholstery, three baskets, four lamps, spare parts, large tyres, two being new; everything in excellent condition; papers of entry and permit for France; £190.—Hollingbourne Manor, near Maidstone.

FOR A REAL HOLIDAY AND
AN ENTIRE CHANGE GO TO

Lively! Brilliant! Healthy! Enjoyable!

OSTEND

(Casino and Club Privé Now Open.)

Royal Palace Hotel.
Hotel de la Plage.

RACING. POLO. FIVE HOURS FROM LONDON. . . .
GOLF. YACHTING. THREE EXPRESS SERVICES DAILY.

OR TO THE . . .

CHÂTEAU ROYAL D'ARDENNES

A ROYAL CASTLE IN 10,000 ACRES OF PARK.

GOLF. ❀ FISHING.
TENNIS. ❀ SHOOTING.

For full Particulars, Programmes, Illustrated Brochures, Tariffs, to reserve accommodation, and for all Travel Tickets, apply to the

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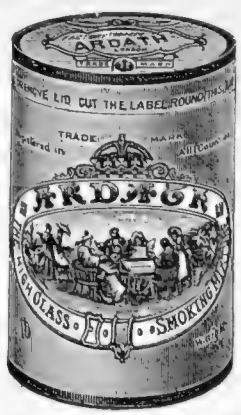

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FASHIONABLE FACTS & FANCIES

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The season has caught the zest of the final revolution of the social wheel, and things have been going merrily as the traditional marriage-bells. Glorious weather, with the exception of a few short, sharp showers, secured at Lord's for the University teams as brilliant a *coup d'œil* of pretty faces, and prettier frocks, as could well be desired. For we have verily this year achieved the picturesque, in the best understanding of that much-abused word. The ruche-trimmed, string-tied mushroom poke, is a large factor in the matter, and is a chapeau, moreover, most amiably acceptable, for happily it has none of the infantile frivolity of the muslin flop.

Yellow was a conspicuous colour note at Lord's, especially in muslins and linon de soies, one notably successful toilette completing the scheme with a mushroom hat of brown tulle, trailed with faded yellow and brown roses. And Ambrosine paused in long and pleased contemplation before a yellow muslin patterned over with a chiné design of brown and white, that bespoke Liberty in every artistic line and gradation of tone, worn with a delicious little frilled pelerine of brown taffeta and a cavalier Tuscan, boasting an amazingly high crown, swathed round with brown and pale green tulle, and decked with a paradise plume that waved in most daring, inconsequent fashion, quite from the front.

But Ambrosine remarked for her own future counsel, how completely tantalising this feather adornment was to attendant cavaliers, with immaculate silk hats. One was irresistibly reminded of that delightful episode in *David Garrick*, when the hero, deliberately lost to all social conventions, remarked aloud on the irritating influence of a red cockatoo.

A pretty Frock for a Garden Party

Of pale blue linon de soie, with tucks of orchidée mauve

A Belated Mode

Just at the last, when everyone thought the final word had been said on the constructive quality of the linen frock, there has suddenly sprung into being a picture linen dress, a confection laid in flat folds about the waist, and the skirt concluding in a deep gathered flounce, while the upper part is of the pelerine bolero order, the sleeve cut in one with the shoulder part, and terminating at the elbow, over the usual bouffants of muslin, spotted net and lace, which, it is a safe conclusion, pertains to a blouse beneath.

The inevitable influence of the sales has been to cheapen the set severe suits of linen, the creations of inconsequent strappings, army of little buttons, and the banded bolero, wherefore to be in any sort exclusive it was necessary to evolve a certain freedom of aspect and individuality of outline, hence the type of gown described above, which, happily, is of a gospel of graciousness altogether beyond the understanding of the mind mercantile.

The note of a particular cachet is struck under the auspices of a golden brown linen costume, disposed after the manner applauded, allied to a heavy spotted, deeply tinted net blouse, relieved by a touch of pale blue at the throat, surmounted by a narrow, straight brim, brown straw chapeau of the more or less sailor persuasion, the low crown banded by an upstanding fold of pale blue velvet, and a cluster of those wonderful cherries, which are as surprisingly realistic to the touch as they are genuine in appearance, and incredibly light in weight. This brown—it is, by the way, the brown of the young cigar leaf—pale blue, and soupçon of cherry is really an enchanting triple alliance, and most worthy of

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Bathing suit of red and white ticking
With collar of white piqué and an ornamentation of red braid

consideration at the hands of the holiday girl, who would perforce possess a dress that is at once essentially summerlike in appearance and yet of sufficiently sturdy colouring to rely for its rejuvenating process on an occasional pressing out of the creases with a warm iron.

Glorious Henley

The weather reveals every promise, as we write, of proving itself coquettish, but, nevertheless, great have been the preparations therefor, white linen frocks, plain to severity, hand embroidered and bedizened with lace, coming in an easy first, despite several serious rivals in the shape of striped flannels, and some smart Castlebar tweed suits. For it is to be accounted unto Henley for great grace, that dress has almost a catholic licence, demands varying so enormously, according to whether you are entertained on a regal houseboat, on one of the lawns, or merely aspire to paddle around in a punt.

We have remarked the invariable success, however, of the toilette that meets the happy mean, and are disposed to grant serious applause to the woman who secures a wrap, that, while condensing itself amiably, yet assumes an air of requisite elegance when occasion demands its services. Now, with all due respect to the linen summer wrap as a distinctive originality, we cannot conscientiously commend it as a genuinely practical persuasion. For there is little sense in being burdened with a wrap incapable of turning the slightest shower.

For what it is worth, we may say that our affections are entirely given over to a rough cream cheviot, relieved by narrow bands of orange, pale blue, or rose cloth, run round the collar and repeated in cuffs to the capacious sleeves.

This is fully capable of resisting a downpour, while unlined, the weight is not appreciably more than a linen wrap.

For the Good Cause of Motoring

The cream frieze and serge coats might almost be described as ideal. They look the epitome of smartness, worn with a cap ensuite, and a calache of white washing silk, the ensemble appealing as daintily fresh and elegant as it is practical. For we have already progressed well away from the belief, that it is wisdom or economy to wear dark motoring garb during dusty weather. What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve over; and 'twere folly, indeed, to grieve over the inevitable, which in this case is dust.

Apropos of the pursuit, we have seen a new cap, brought out by the ever-moving firm of Gamage, a capital straw affair, with a pliable brim, that can be manipulated at the will and desire of the wearer. It is essentially practical, and perfection for summer wear, and, although a similar style is procurable in cloth, Ambrosine and I think we shall reserve our praise for that when the dull months come round, and advise exclusive attention being bestowed on the straw example for the immediate moment. It is quite moderately priced, we may mention, only 6*s.* 6*d.* But this great motoring emporium in Holborn declines to acknowledge the presence of any rival, where reasonable charges are concerned, and are prepared to supply the complete paraphernalia for motoring.

A Garden Party Gown

is suggested in our first sketch; an idea for linen or crêpe de soie, in pastel blue, with yoke of mimosa lace, and puffed sleeves to the elbow, finishing in short soft ruffles of the material. The treatment of grouped pipings is a pronounced penchant of the season, while the bows and sash would effect a telling note in orchidée mauve, and harmonise with the roses in the chapeau.

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It is no longer required of us to plead the persuasion of the shapely bathing suit, foreign watering resorts, together with our own improved bathing conditions, having successfully achieved its acceptance at the hands of all those who indulge in the pursuit of sea swimming.

Ideas are naturally a little restricted, and there is always safety in blue serge; but also is there the unpardonable note of monotony. In surf bathing the American girl has adopted ticking with signal success, and as we chanced to be inspired by an idea, our artist has expressed this child of our united imagination, in red and white striped ticking, with collar of white piqué, and an ornamentation of red braid.

Equally out of the ordinary is the *manteau des bains* of Shantung, the hood and facings of red and white spotted washing silk, a three-cornered handkerchief piece of the latter being employed as a decorative finish to the mackintosh cap.

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7—LADIES' SINGLES, Handicap.
8—LADIES' DOUBLES, Handicap.

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THE CARE OF GUNS IN THE "OFF" SEASON

BY SIR THOMAS TROUBRIDGE

In sport, as in everything else, "A stitch in time saves nine." If you do not look after the accessories of your sport in the proper way at the proper time, the chances are that you will suffer for it, by having a perfectly avoidable breakdown, when the accessories are required after an enforced period of abstention. As with hunters in the summer, so with guns, rods, bats, golf clubs, etc. in their various "off" seasons. They must all be taken care of in various ways, so as to be found in the highest state of efficiency when again required.

As regards guns, there is no doubt that the simplest plan is to send them off, as soon as the shooting season is over, to your gunmaker, and he will look them over, and take care of them for you till they are required again. He will make a small charge for them, but if you can afford to buy a pair of high-class guns, you can afford to pay this charge to have them well taken care of. I propose to follow them there, and show what is done to them, so that those who either cannot afford to send them, or prefer not to, can, as nearly as possible, give them the same treatment.

When the guns arrive at the gunmaker's, he will first of all examine the barrels very carefully to see if there are any marks or dents in them. These may easily have been caused by the guns being knocked over by a dog when they are placed leaning against a hedge or stack whilst everyone is at lunch during a day's shooting. Another common cause of dents is the knocking of one gun against another when two or three men are standing together talking, with their guns over their shoulders, and one of them turns round quickly, with the result that his gun knocks against someone else's almost to a certainty. The ring of the barrels as they knock together, and the mutual apologies of the owners, are of pretty frequent occurrence during a shooting season. All dents may affect the shooting of the gun, so have to be very carefully got rid of, and the inside of the barrel restored to its original shape. Any sign of rust must be carefully looked for along the rib, and if any wet has got in between it and the barrels, the rib must be taken off, and the rust got rid of. Next, the stock and barrels should be put together, and the gun shaken, to see if the barrels have worked loose. If so, they must be tightened up until they do not move. There is nothing that puts one off more than feeling the barrels move, however slightly, when you hold your gun by the grip, yet it will happen to almost any gun, unless it is seen to in the "off" season. The next thing done is that the locks and all parts of the gun are "stripped," taken apart, and separately examined, to see if any rust has got into them. If they are very badly rusted, the best plan is to boil them in boiling water for about ten minutes, this will eventually kill the rust, but the pits or marks in the metal caused by it, will, of course, remain. Having been well oiled and cleaned, the parts are reassembled, and the locks replaced. The "pull" of the triggers should next be carefully tested, and, if necessary, corrected This is a very important point, as the "pull off" sometimes gets lighter after constant use, and the gun goes off rather quicker than one intends, with the result of a certain "miss." The guns will then be replaced in their cases after being carefully oiled with a soft oil rag, and a little vaseline rubbed on the inside of the barrels. If this is done, there is no necessity for baize-covered rods to be left inside the barrels, as is so often done. The guns may be put away in racks in air-tight glass cases. They are easier to get at should occasion arise. If the "browning" has got rubbed, or worn off much, the guns should be rebrowned. This is done more for appearance than anything else, as I never could find out that there is any particular virtue in browning, excepting that it prevents the barrels from catching your eye when bringing the gun up quickly to the shoulder, which they might do if they were left bright, or, rather, light-coloured, as they are when in the "rough." Your eye might get taken off the bird, just the same as it is often taken off the ball at golf by the iron clubs, especially on a bright day.

I have often been asked whether the use of single-trigger guns is on the increase or not, and what the advantages are over double triggers. The answer to the first question is easy. I think there is no doubt that they are being more generally used, in proof of which one of the best-known makers told me the other day that, of the guns he makes and sells, no less than eighty per cent. are "single triggers;" and, of course, most makers will turn them out when ordered.

As regards the second question, it is not altogether easy to say exactly where the advantage does come in, if, indeed, there is any. With regard to rapidity of fire, I do not honestly think there is anything to choose between the two kinds of guns. The chief advantage to my mind lies in the fact that, with a double-trigger gun, it is not possible to shift the forefinger from the front trigger to the back one without shifting the grasp of the gun by the whole of the right hand; that is to say, that between firing the first and second barrel the grasp of the right hand on the gun is altered With the single trigger this is not the case, and I think, consequently, the gun moves more smoothly and evenly in the required line. Finally, in neatness of appearance it is certainly in front of the double trigger gun, owing to the small size of the trigger guard; and I am sure that no one who has ever used one, made by a man who understands how to make them, would on any account go back to the old-fashioned double trigger gun.

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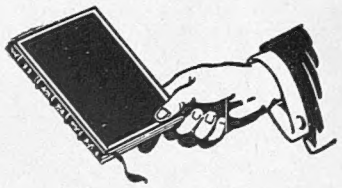

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An exhibition of portraits, landscapes, &c., executed between 1831 and 1903, by the late Mr. Alexander Blaikley, is being held at the Modern Gallery, 175, Bond Street. The exhibition will remain open until the 23rd instant.

The Correctors of the Press Pension Fund

This is the jubilee year of the London Association of Correctors of the Press, which does much useful work on self-help principles, enabling the proof-readers employed in London printing offices to make some provision for their old age. In augmentation of the Pension Fund, a company of well-known amateurs will give a *matinée* performance at the Albert Hall Theatre, at 3 p.m., on Saturday, July 16, 1904, of *His Excellency the Governor*, preceded by a musical monologue by Miss Nellie Ganthony. This performance is under the special patronage of Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Sarah Wilson, Madame Sarah Grand, "Madge" of *Truth*, Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, "Lucas Malet," Mrs. W. K. Clifford, "John Strange Winter," etc., etc. Tickets (reserved), price 10*s.* 6*d.* and 5*s.*, may be had from Mrs. Skrine, 147, Victoria Street, S.W., and from Mr. S. F. Crampin, secretary, London Association of Correctors of the Press, 33, Chancery Lane, W.C.

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NOVELS

"The Little Vanities of Mrs. Whittaker." By John Strange Winter. (F. V. White and Co.) 6*s.*

"A Daughter of the Snows." By Jack London. (Isbister and Co.) 6*s.*

"Motherhood." By L. Parry Truscott. (Fisher Unwin.) 6*s.*

"The Slaking of the Sword." By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (Methuen.) 6*s.*

"Sir Christopher." By Maud Wilder Goodwin. (Ward, Lock and Co.) 6*s.*

MISCELLANEOUS

Cassell's Magazine. Bound Volume, December, 1903, to May, 1904.

"English Monastic Life." By Abbot Gasquet. (Methuen's Antiquary's Books.) 7*s.* 6*d.*

"A Tramp in Spain." By Bart Kennedy. (Newnes.) 10*s* 6*d.* net.

"A Popular Guide to Norfolk." By Wm. A. Dutt. (Methuen.) Sixpence net.

"Black's Guide to Scotland, East Central." (A. and C. Black.) 2*s.* 6*d.*

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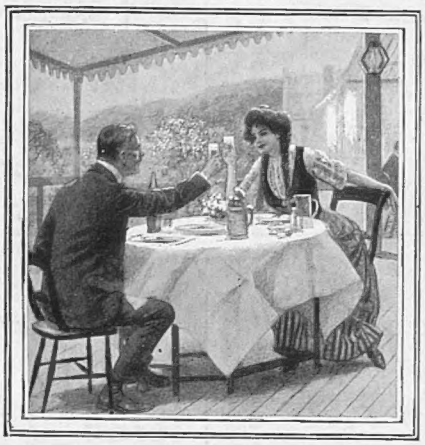

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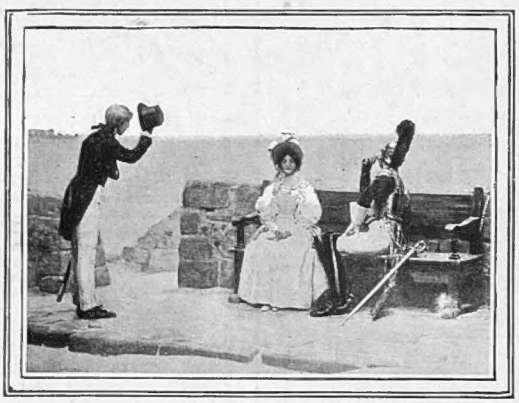

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